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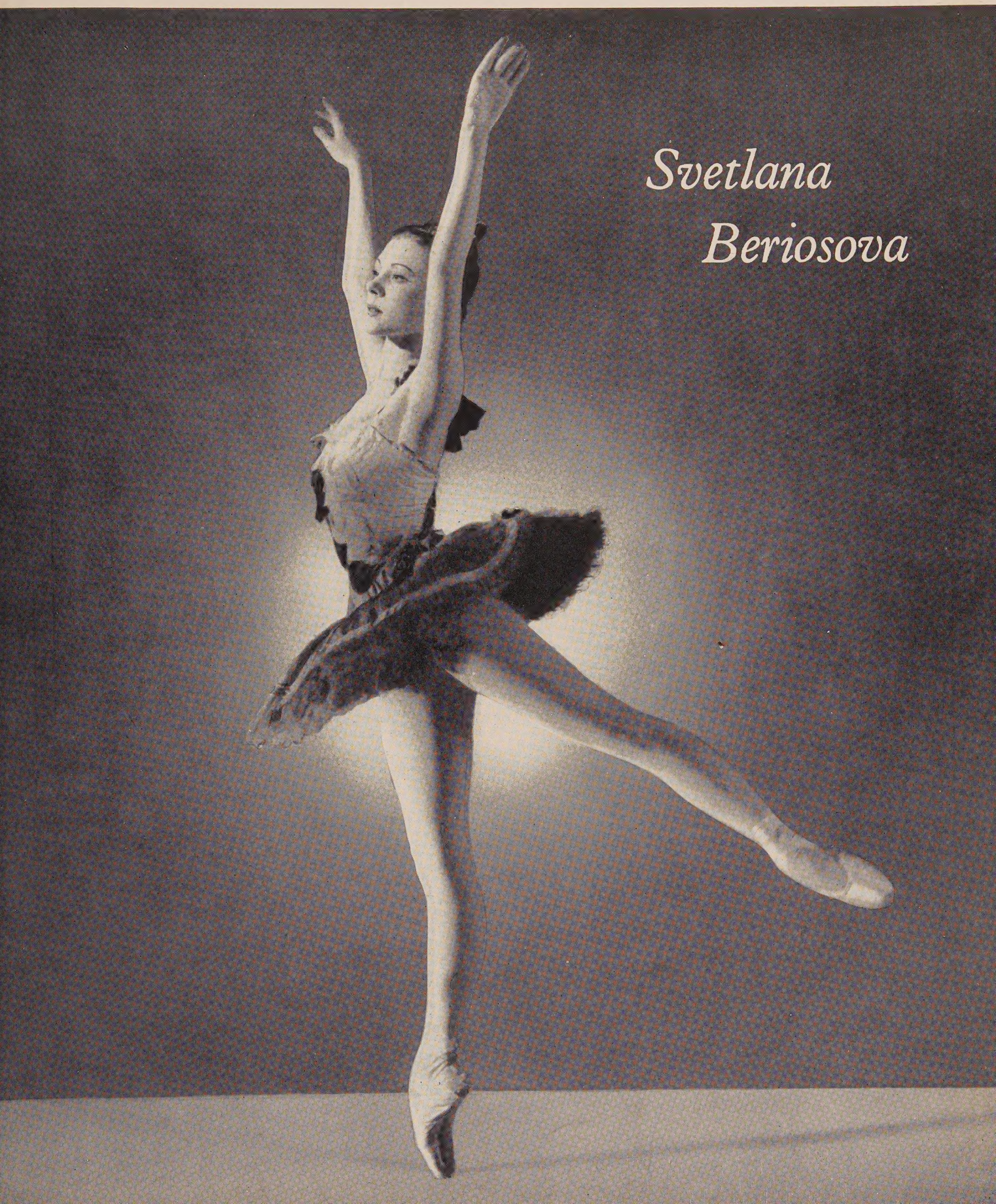

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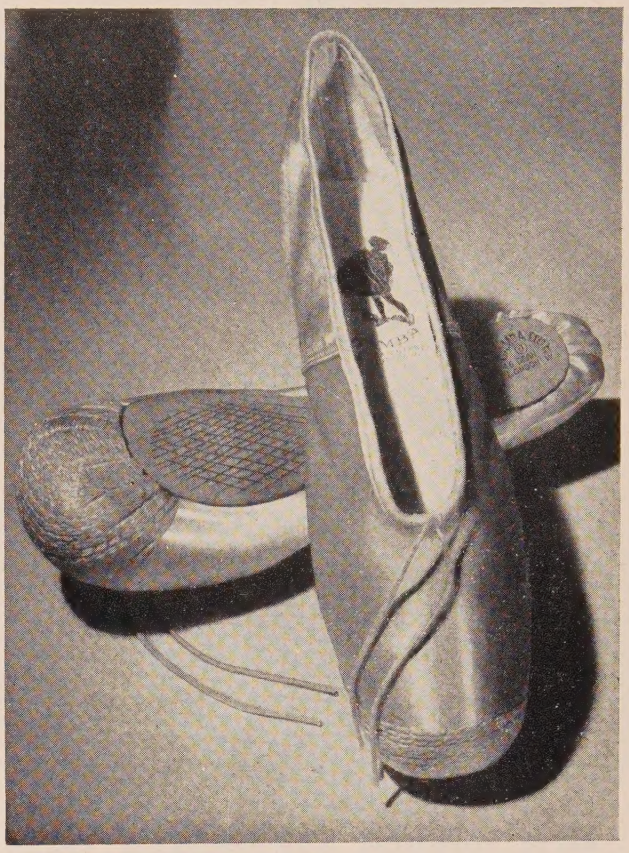

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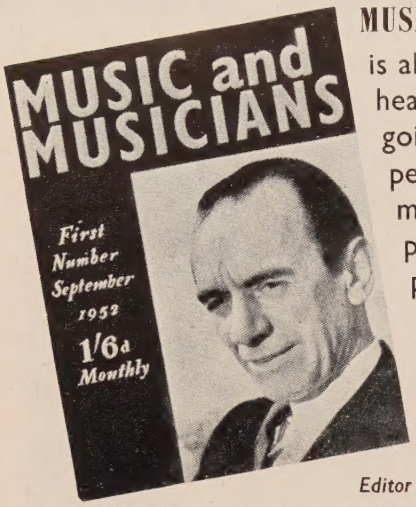

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Editor : **EVAN SENIOR**

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Desmond Shawe-Taylor is widely known as writer and broadcaster on music and singing, and since the war has been music critic for the New Statesman and Nation.

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Personality of the month

PATRICIA WILDE **Reason: For having such a personal success during New York City Ballet's season at Covent Carden.**

Photograph by Roy Round

IT must be a sad reflection for gentlemen who prefer blondes that the blonde ballerina, unlike the brunette of the species, is a comparative rarity. However that they do exist Patricia Wilde, definitely blonde, provides living proof.

She was born in Ottawa, Canada, and her first company was the Marquis de Cuevas' Ballet International. This was followed by four years with Serge Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. It was here that she first met Balanchine. Soon after she joined, the great choreographer mounted *Concerto Barocco* for the company.

Other highlights of her stay with the Ballet Russe were dancing the Cow-Girl in *Rodeo* and creating the leading role in Ruthanna Boris' *Cirque de Deux*. It was also with this company that she had the privilege of dancing *The Pas de Quatre* with Danilova, Markova and Slavenska.

At the end of 1949 she came to Europe to study. Here she replaced Beriosova in leading the Metropolitan Ballet during the last weeks of its career. She will be remembered as a fluent, if somewhat brash, Odette and for her performances in *Designs for Strings* and *Beau Danube* in which she made a particularly engaging First Hand. Later, when she was in Paris, she made a few appearances with Petit's Ballets de Paris.

On her return to America she joined New York City Ballet not long before their first visit to Europe. The good impression she made on London audiences has been more than consolidated during the company's recent Covent Garden season. In parts like the Fete Polonaise of *Bourree Fantasque*, the Third Movement of *Symphony in C* and the "she who gets caught" role in one of her favourite ballets, *Serenade*, she has completely captured the affections of the London ballet audience.

Nor is the affection entirely one-sided as she, in her turn, finds that the audience takes a more discerning interest in ballet than any she has previously known. How pleasant it might be for all concerned if she, together with fellow-Canadian Melissa Hayden, could be persuaded to visit Covent Garden or Festival Ballet as guest artists on leave of absence from their American company.

HILARION

Cover stories will be found on page eleven of this issue

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September 1952 Vol. 3. No. 9

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES· DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

How wide is the ocean?

THE Atlantic is a big, broad strip of water. During the past month or so it has seemed even broader. There have been moments when it appeared as though the American and English approach to the art of ballet had no common meeting ground. Yet I absolutely refuse to believe that this is actually the case.

The New York City Ballet which has been our summer guest at Covent Garden is a most distinguished company. It has one of the greatest choreographers of the twentieth century as its father, mother and wet-nurse. It has a collection of fine dancers. It also has a number of faults (but what company hasn't?).

In America it appears that the company receives almost unqualified praise. In the cities of Europe it was greeted with equal acclaim. In London, however, it was not treated quite so kindly. There have been people going around blabbing that the reason for London's lack of excessive warmth was because the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet was not too kindly treated by the New York critics. Such talk is the kind of thing that can undo all the good that has been built up over the past years. If anyone believes such twaddle to be true they should read carefully some of the things that the London critics have said about the Sadler's Wells companies.

Perhaps it is time for a little plain speaking which is something that both countries understand. The London critics were not harsh on the company. They said quite honestly what they did and did not like. Taken all over the season the notices were, by English standards, most favourable. The function of the critic is to criticise to the best of his knowledge and also to guide the public. When we talk about the "best of a critic's knowledge" it must be remembered that many critics have not been seeing ballet for more than ten years. It is only by having seen everything over a great number of years that a standard can be reached by which to pass fair judgement. Ballet has developed so rapidly that those who criticise it are naturally rather new to the game. This surely must be true of every country.

Guiding the public is a different matter. Only those native to any country can really know what succeeds with the public of their respective nations. It is frequently overlooked, by those in charge of companies, that the public plays a vital part in any theatrical entertainment. Without the public where are you? But the public of each nation differs in its taste; a fact that always should be taken into consideration.

The first night of New York City at Covent Garden was nearly ruined on account of one ballet—*Firebird*. It was known that the British public did not care for Balanchine's version of the fairy tale once made famous by Fokine. Why then did it have to be given on this most vital of all nights? Many papers only carry a notice of opening nights so a season can stand or fall by a first night programme. The programme-making all through was unbalanced. People can hate ballet or love it but they should never be bored by it.

There was also a certain amount of horrified surprise expressed at the British love of ballets such as *The Pied Piper* and *Cakewalk*. Over here such works are considered typical of America and that is what people expect from a company bearing an American name. This may be an entirely wrong impression but there is no doubt that such works spring from the background of American life and thought and this was the reason for the success of Ballet Theatre several years ago. No other country can give these works with such uninhibited verve.

Nobody has quibbled about the girls of the company who most people agree to be on a far higher level than in any company we have seen since the war. It was significant that at curtain-fall the applause was never so loud as when a ballerina took a call by herself. The men were hardly noticeable because they had little to do.

All these things are what have led the public and critics to make any adverse comment. When they have been said or written it has led to a certain amount of brushing aside of skirts. It has been a sad state of affairs because the company is genuinely liked here. Let us hope that such matters will be mulled over in the winter months and that our good friends from over the Atlantic. who need us as much as we need them, will consider and re-consider the differences between American and European approach to ballet. There should be an annual trans-Atlantic exchange.

The opinions expressed by our contributors are not necessarily those of the editor

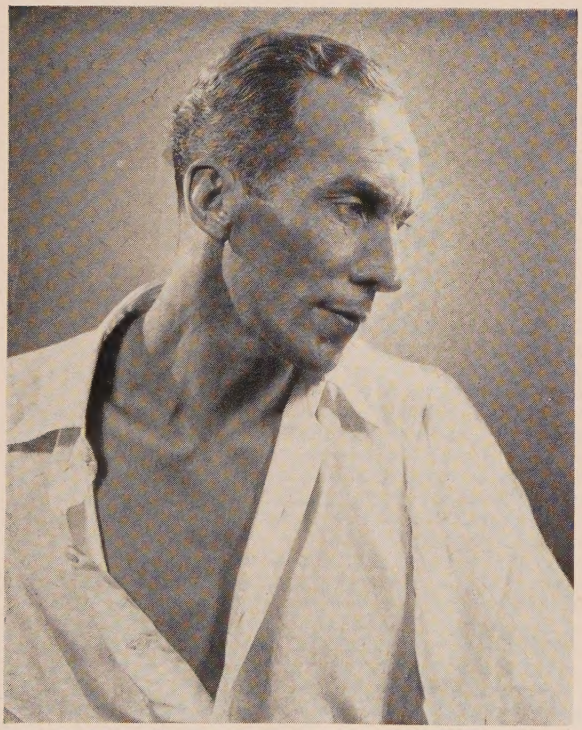
Walter E. Owen chooses

his favourite photographs

In this series in which famous photographers have been asked to choose their favourite pictures, we have so far shown two others. To represent France we invited Serge Lido (May issue), from England Roger Wood (June issue). Now we have pleasure in presenting one of the most noted ballet photographers in America—Walter E. Owen.

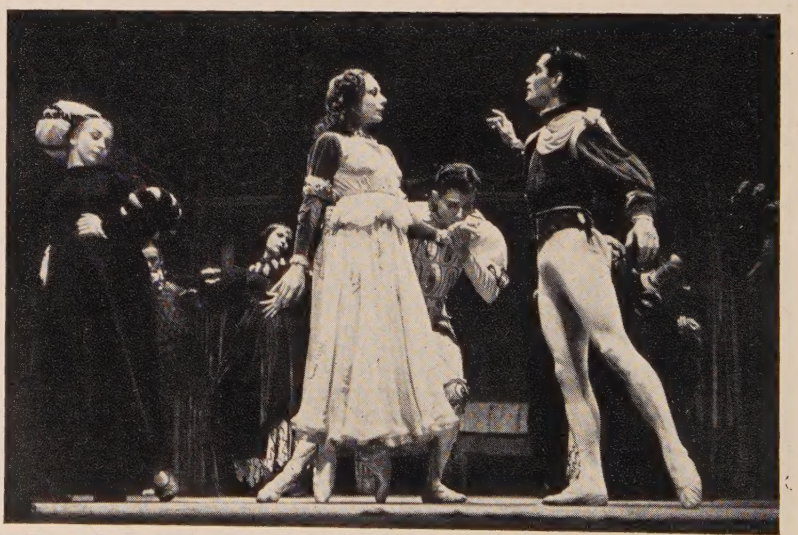
It is interesting to compare the three because their approach is entirely different. Lido seems to like violent movement against a natural and, sometimes, unusual background. Wood gets his main inspiration from the atmosphere of the theatre. Owen seems to like to play with lighting and his most striking pictures are got in the studio. It appears that he uses every artifice to bring out the character of the dancer or the particular role which she or he is playing.

Colette Marchand in Petit's *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit*.
Owen writes: *This is an attempt to portray the exotic charm of Marchand. I still feel that such a fine dancer should be given more classic roles.* 1951.



Igor Schwezoff, dancer, teacher and author of *Borzoi*.
A fine head to photograph he did not want any character removed by re-touching so got an extra rating from me. 1946

Albia Kavan, June Morris and Paula Lloyd as the bridesmaids in Antony Tudor's *Romeo and Juliet* for Ballet Theatre.
Both Tudor and designer Eugene Berman went to Botticelli for inspiration and I like this photograph because it shows the influence of Botticelli angels in the costumes. 1944.

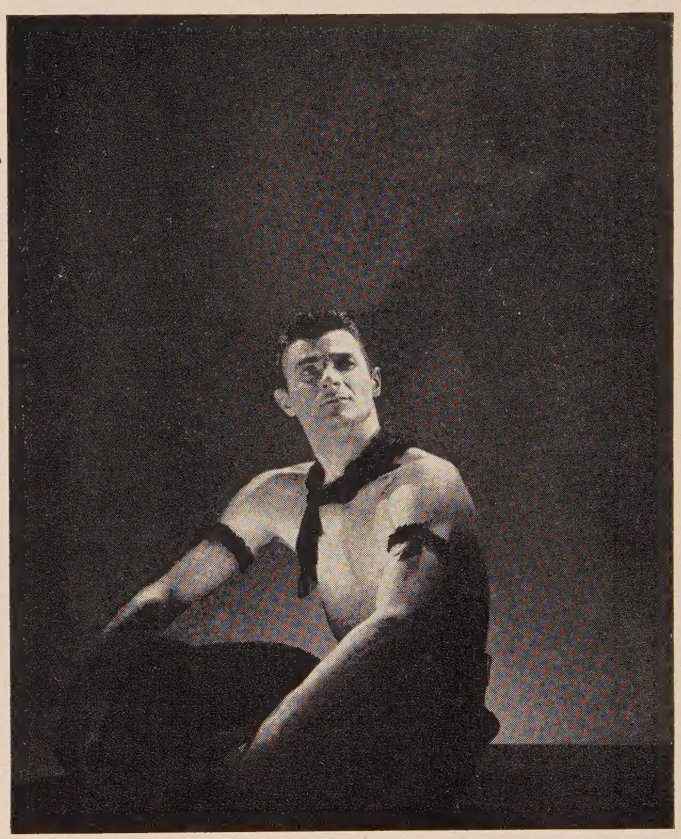


Nora Kaye, Richard Reed and Hugh Laing in Tudor's *Romeo and Juliet*. Shirley Eckl, Diana Adams and Rex Cooper can be seen in the background.
This is the moment in the ballet when Romeo and Juliet first cast eyes on each other. I feel the photograph has caught some of the touching nature of this incident, 1944

Mia Slavenska, Alicia Markova, Alexandra Danilova, and Nathalie Leslie in Anton Dolin's version of *The Pas de Quatre.*
We took several variations on this theme but I feel that this one most nearly follows the famous lithograph by Chalon of the four great ballerinas of the last century. 1948.

Alicia Markova.
She had been posing as Taglioni in The Pas de Quatre *when I asked her if she would mind doing her hair over and posing after the manner of some of the old Pavlova portraits. This is the best of the resulting pictures.* 1947.

Nadia Nerina and Alexander Grant in my studio.
There had been difficulties about getting costumes so I took them in practice clothes in an attempt to get something informal with a feeling of the ballet. 1949.



Johnny Kriza of Ballet Theatre in *Billy the Kid.*
Sitting by his camp-fire he listens to the strange sound that has come out of the desert. I feel the picture captures this particular moment. 1949.

Right : Jenny Workman in Loring's *Billy the Kid* for Ballet Theatre.

Jenny has an enchanting quality, a sort of elfin charm, which makes her very appealing on the stage. A brilliant stroke of casting has lately put her into the lead in Rodeo *where she is perfect. For these Billy pictures I took her barefooted with a big sombrero borrowed from a cowboy sculptor in the building.* 1947.

Janet Collins in *Power*.

This brilliant young coloured dancer is now ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House. This photograph shows her in one of her own dynamic modern numbers. 1950.

Mary Ellen Moylan.

This is a hackneyed pose but it came out so well and has been very popular. She was wearing new shoes (as all good ballerinas should for pictures) and they hurt her feet. She went over to remove them and rest her feet. Noticing how lovely she looked I had her hold it a moment. I do not feel that it matters that there are all kinds of studio equipment around. 1949.

Alicia Alonso and Richard Reed in the *pas de deux* from Lichine's *Graduation Ball.*

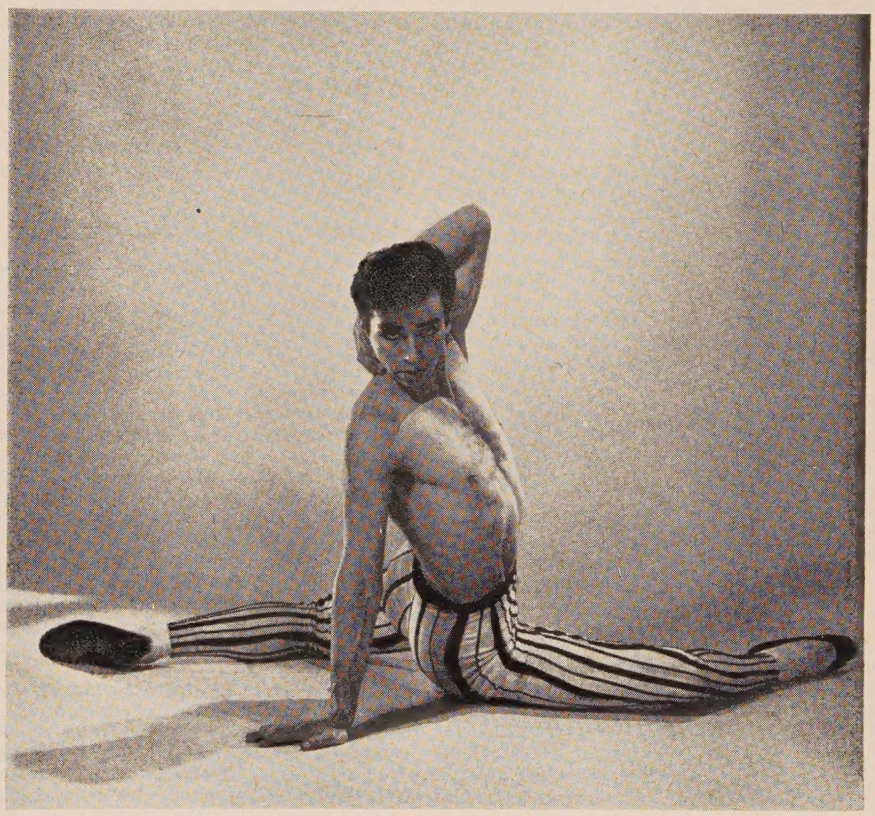
Alonso is now one of the foremost ballerinas of today but at this time she was just coming to the fore, even then her extension was terrific. 1944.

Sono Osato as the Lady Rosaline in Tudor's *Romeo and Juliet.*

Rosaline does not appear in the play but is frequently mentioned all through the first half. Tudor brought her to life in order to give a special part to Sono. After a few years with Ballet Theatre she made a great success on Broadway. She is now married and has two sons. 1943.

Tanaquil LeClercq in Ashton's *Illuminations.*

Tanny is such a fine subject I could fill an issue with good pictures of her. You will have recently seen so many publicity pictures of her that I give you a head where we played with tricky lighting. She is a fine photographer herself, liking portraits best. 1950.



Right: Nicholas Magallanes in *Illuminations.*

I like the composition of this picture. 1950.

A British Virtuoso

In the past few months Brian Shaw, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, has emerged as one of the most important of the young English male dancers

by

JOHN PERCIVAL

Brian Shaw *Photo: Maurice Seymour*

TWO seven-year-old boys, twin brothers, living in Yorkshire in the years before the war, were sent to take dancing lessons from a local teacher. One of them gave up after only a fortnight; the other went on with his studies. Why he continued alone, he cannot now remember, although his parents tell him that the lessons were supposed to cure the weak ankles from which he suffered.

In this casual manner began the career of Brian Shaw. He drifted, as if by chance, into his profession, being pushed more than a little by his first teacher, Mary Shaw of Huddersfield—who is no relation, as the dancer's real name is Earnshaw, which he shortened for the stage.

From Mary Shaw he learned first tap-dancing, and then ballet; she entered him for the usual examinations, and encouraged him, at fourteen, to audition for Sadler's Wells.

He joined the School, and later the Company. His debut was made in the opera, *The Bartered Bride*, and I saw what must have been one of his earliest performances in this at the New Theatre in 1944. I cannot pretend that he made an immediate personal impression, but I do still recall the general enthusiasm and vitality of all the young dancers, who included also Kenneth Melville and Donald Britton.

Shaw's first leading role, in *Les Patineurs*, came when he was just seventeen. His rise since then to the position he now holds, one of the finest dancers in the company, has been steady apart from the two interruptions caused by military service. Not only did he serve two years in the army, but he is also the only dancer to have been recalled for Z Reserve training.

A job of work

Shaw's attitude to his work to-day is typical of many of the younger dancers. Dancing is his job, not his whole life. He naturally wants to dance well, but his real interests lie elsewhere. He will scan ballet magazines eagerly in case his own name is mentioned ("Usually," he says, "it isn't"), but would far rather read an American thriller.

There will, of course, always be a place in ballet for the artist who is entirely devoted to his work, the man for whom dancing or composing is a simple necessity. Such artists help to provide the necessary creative element, and to ensure that the standards aimed at remain high.

But the ordinary dancer is an executant only. As a ballet tradition is gradually established in this country, we find more and more dancers with a professional attitude and a separate external life. On the whole, they tend to be better and more reliable performers than the dedicated amateurs.

Partly because he is, off-stage, just a private individual, Brian Shaw as a person is difficult to describe. He has much of the charm and wry humour shown in certain of his stage characterisations, although his manner is rather reserved and unassuming.

Movies preferred

He would rather go to the movies on his free evenings than to the theatre. Balanchine's *Night Shadow*, he claims, is the only ballet he really enjoys watching, and he prefers to hear plays on the radio and opera on gramophone records.

He enjoys travelling, especially flying, and would like to live in a warm climate. In Italy, on his twenty-first birthday, he was nearly drowned when a sudden wind blew up while he was swimming in the Mediterranean. And in America, he was nearly arrested when a group of dancers went swimming without costumes in what they took to be a secluded spot. What in England is a harmless and not uncommon practice, they discovered, may well be illegal in the States.

But such adventures are just incidents in a mainly ordinary and uneventful life. It is as a dancer, and only as a dancer, that Brian Shaw is exceptional.

He is, by type, a *demi-caractère* dancer of particular brilliance, blessed at times with a feeling for classicism which is normally the prerogative of the *danseur noble*. He is, in short, a virtuoso.

Virtuosity and musicality

Virtuosity implies not merely a high technical standard, but a particular way of using technique. Brian Shaw is stocky, well-knit and sturdy. Academically strong, he has the qualities of speed and precision appropriate to a dancer of his physique. He possesses also a sound musical sense (revealed especially in *Symphonic Variations*) and a vigorous attack. Thus, his performances in *Les Patineurs*, in *Bluebird* and in the *Giselle pas de deux* are admirable not only for their technical brilliance but also for the dash and bravura with which he invests them.

Of Shaw's ability there can now be no doubt. Observe, for instance, with what proud curvetting force he bounds round the stage as the leader of the Sword Dance in *Donald of the Burthens*, and note the sense of confidence and delight, as of a dancer rightly exulting in his own skill.

In order to define the exact nature of that skill, it is enlightening to compare his performances with those of other artists. If we compare, say, his *Bluebird* with the interpretation of certain contemporaries, we may discover both the definite and individual virtues

As the Bluebird from the last act of Sleeping Beauty *Photo: Maurice Seymour*

he brings to the role, and also the aspects stressed by others which he omits, and thus see most clearly the true character of his personal qualities.

He has not the particularly virile strength Turner showed in this part, nor the easy classical elegance of Youskevitch. René Bon used his technical brilliance and considerable intelligence to achieve a more bird-like effect. Yet Shaw's *Bluebird* is as enjoyable as these, or any other current performance.

There is, first, a quite remarkable joyousness in his dancing; he has zest and even humour as well as brilliance, and these make his work all the more exhilarating. He has unusual speed and *ballon*, and great strength in elevation: when he leaves the ground, it is with a really forceful thrust. He has style, too. Notice, for instance, the unaffected, forthright movement with which he offers his hand to his partner. Such simplicity is the essence of classical feeling.

Shaw has, apart from the technical prowess he commands, a kind of appropriate dexterity in his use of technique—an aspect of his dancing less obvious, but perhaps ultimately no less telling than the rest.

One of the secrets of any good dancer is that he has learned to present himself to best advantage, to reveal and emphasise his own particular virtues. Shaw, fast and light, is able to make himself appear even faster and lighter, not only by the ease with which he encompasses technical difficulties, but also by the use of certain well-chosen devices, either his own ideas or those of an intelligent ballet-master.

Thus, instead of stepping into a pose, he gives a little hop. He scarcely leaves the ground and yet succeeds in adding to the impression of lightness. Again, he finishes a series of *pirouettes* by dropping to one knee, a trick which looks good in itself and also enables him to spin faster than he otherwise could and still recover promptly.

Shaw's adroitness and facility, turned to splendid effect in such a manner, might well have proved a danger to his proper development, since they could just as easily be used to cover up slips and mask technical deficiencies. There was, in fact, a time when he did seem so to use them, during the difficult period after his return from the forces.

Triumph today, army tomorrow

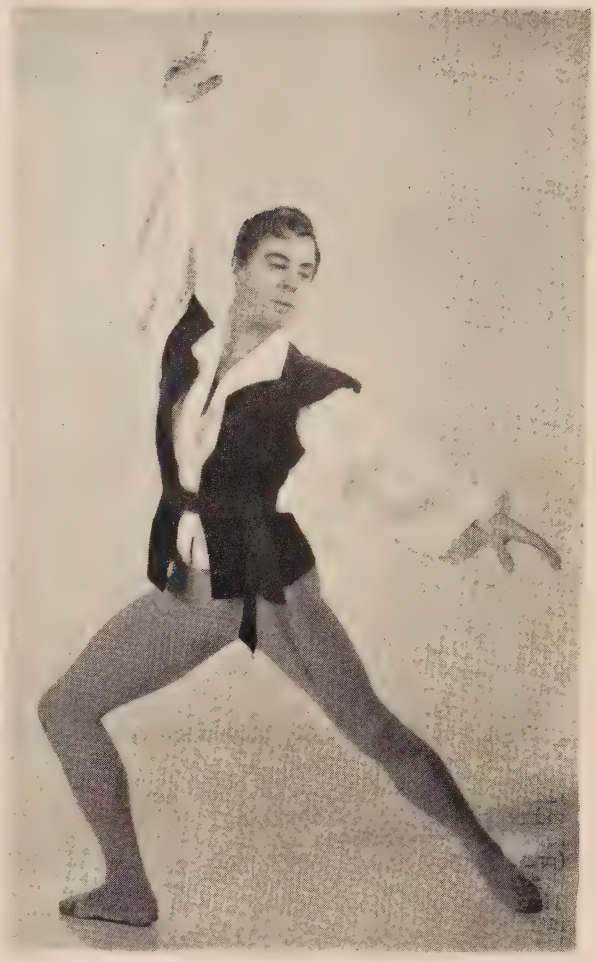
This period, trying enough for almost any dancer, was particularly so for Shaw because of the difficulty of living up to the name he had made before being called up at the end of the first Covent Garden season. Now that the Wells have so many boys of outstanding talent, the finest group of male soloists in the western world, it is hard to recall just how sensational Shaw's emergence had been.

Virtually unknown when the company opened at Covent Garden, he became famous at once with the creation of *Symphonic Variations*. Shaw's part in this ballet was the one affording the most obvious opportunities for technical display, and he danced it beautifully, with an ease, lightness and fluency such as no English male dancer had shown since the war.

With his share in the overwhelming success of the new work, also with promising performances as the Blue Boy in *Les Patineurs* (the role he has since made one of his finest) and as the Dancing Master in *The Rake's Progress*, Shaw proved himself the most important male dancer produced by Sadler's Wells since the beginning of the war, and was then lost to the company almost at once.

On his return a couple of years later, he was lamentably expected to hold his old position in the company from the start. Rightly, he used his facility to hide the weaknesses inevitable after a long break from dancing, but at the same time he worked to eradicate those weaknesses.

In the male variation from the peasant pas de deux *from the first act of* Giselle *Photo: Baron*



He worked hard, sometimes too hard. Determined to jump high, he could not always remember to point his feet properly while jumping. Anxious to turn as fast as possible, he often finished up dangerously off balance. His dancing, never dull, was often at this period provokingly unfinished, but it was during this time that he acquired the speed and the elevation he now possesses.

To work hard, to dance always as well as he can, seems natural to Shaw. He is not one of those dancers who, however good in major roles, act as if it were beneath their dignity to exert themselves overmuch in small parts. Watch him, for instance, as one of the Judges in *A Mirror for Witches*, and notice how he remains always perfectly in character.

In such small parts, Shaw has always been able to present a developed characterisation. Especially notable was his acting as one of the peasant boys in *A Wedding Bouquet* (the one reproved for his dirty hands), or as the Russian son in *La Boutique Fantasque*—both portrayals full of warmth, humour and unobtrusive detail.

Always able to amuse in such roles, he has lately developed the power to move his audience also. His Jester in *Cinderella*, excitingly danced, was neither mocking nor pathetic enough, but when he recently took over the role of the Barber in *Mam'zelle Angot* he showed command of a wide variety of emotions: indignant, puzzled, despairing or playful, as well as more simply sad and exhilaratingly happy.

This new ability, developed and extended in *Bonne-Bouche*, must increase enormously his value as an artist. Not unnaturally, he takes pleasure in attempting a role which calls for some acting ability, as a change from his more usual parts. It would give a wrong impression of his talents, however, not to insist once more that it is as a dancer of brilliant display that he is outstanding.

Already he is as fine a dancer as anyone of his type in any western company, but Shaw's potentialities are still greater than his achievements. It remains for him to work to acquire more control, and to develop a greater variety of speed.

Shaw is still young, and should continue to develop for many years both as a technician and as an interpretative artist. The proper use of his gifts may then prove a valuable challenge to our choreographers and a source of yet further delight to our audiences.

Covet Stories

This month's front cover, by Roy Round, is of Svetlana Beriosova in the first role she danced with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden—the Lilac Fairy from the Tchaikovsky-Petipa *Sleeping Beauty*.

BERIOSOVA was born in Kaunas, Lithuania. At the age of two she went with her father, Nicholas Beriosoff, to Monte Carlo where he was a soloist with René Blum's company. Touring the world with that company she made her first appearance as little Clara in *Casse Noisette*. It was not until after the war that she really emerged as a dancer—in the Marquis de Cuevas company which had then formed in Monte Carlo. In 1947 she joined Metropolitan Ballet in England and during the few years of its existence she was the ballerina. Early in 1950 she joined Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and, as joint ballerina with Elaine Fifield, she toured America during the winter of 1951-52. With the opening of the Sadler's Wells winter season at Covent Garden she will become a full member of that company. Before the season is over she will dance Swanilda in *Coppelia* which has brought her so much deserved praise with the younger company.

The back cover, also by Roy Round, is of Louis Godfrey as the Dandy in *Le Beau Danube* with Festival Ballet.

GODFREY was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, and there he trained first with Ivy Conmee and later with Marjorie Sturman. It was the latter who taught him the Spanish dancing for which he has made a name for himself. While Anton Dolin was touring South Africa with Alicia Markova he saw Godfrey dancing in *Oklahoma*. So impressed was Dolin with the possibilities of Godfrey that he signed him for the next Markova-Dolin concert tour of England. For these tours, Ana Ricarda created a short Spanish work, *Fiesta*, for him. When Festival Ballet was formed in 1949, Godfrey became a soloist and he has remained with the company except for a brief return to South Africa when he danced with the Johannesburg Festival in Durban.

Swing high—

The second season of New York City Ballet at Covent Garden left the spectator feeling in much the same state as someone who has been on a long roller-coaster (switchback, in English) ride. There was the thrill of anticipation, the exhilaration of height, the sudden plunging down into depths, the re-ascent to greater heights only to be followed by occasional descent. The end of the ride left one with that strange mixture of happiness, exhaustion and irritation that is always felt as the car rumbles its way to conclusion.

July 7. *Serenade, The Cage, Firebird, La Valse.*

THE opening programme was curiously arranged. Balanchine's *Serenade* is the perfect opening ballet—it is also perfect in any part of the programme. It unfolds, to Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings*, like a beautiful ice crystal flower—suddenly to end in a burst of emotion. The new dresses are an improvement. The tulle skirts may blur the line to a certain extent but they give the work a quality and softer line which is more pleasing. Outstanding Patricia Wilde does some extraordinary, dangerous looking turns and is caught in mid-air.

Almost everywhere else Jerome Robbins' *The Cage* appears to have been a sensation, some cities were shocked others were thrilled. It is hard to understand why. Supposedly concerning a form of insect life which kills its mate after sexual intercourse, it merely seems to be an excuse to labour a subject which is not particularly attractive. The result is neither shocking nor good ballet. Nora Kaye, as the Novice, is wasted on this tedious and old fashioned piece of decadence. The one effective moment being when the scenery, in the form of some ramifications of coloured rope (presumably representing a web) opens up with the rising curtain and contracts with its fall. Thus strangling, one hopes, any further attempts by the company to make ballets of this kind. What a misuse of Stravinsky's String Concerto in D!

Had Stravinsky not given his blessing to Balanchine's version of *Firebird*, one would say that he had been again misused. As it is, the score is all that remains of a once fabulous fairy tale. Admittedly the *pas de deux* for the Firebird (Maria Tallchief) and Prince Ivan (Francisco Moncion) is impressive but that is all. Where is that lovely dance for the Maidens, where the exciting dance for Kastchei's creatures, where that spectacular apotheosis? Sunk they are in some contortions of incredible banality. In the last scene a moth-eaten rug was unrolled for the married couple. I may be mistaken but a number of moths appeared to flutter out; they had obviously made a good meal of the dear old ballet which was one the apex of Russian fantasy.

"Oh, for a night in the Ballroom", used to sing the one and only Douglas Byng, "Oh, for the supper at ten." So thought I, hopefully, in the interval which preceded the third and last Balanchine ballet of the evening—*La Valse*. The ballroom was there, mysteriously lit by Jean Rosenthal; the dancers were there, magnificently dressed by Karinska; and the band played on, and on, and on. They played very erratically everything Ravel ever said about the waltz—*Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* and *La Valse*. At a quarter to twelve somebody thought it was time to have a plot, so a Mysterious Stranger arrived with the usual demon attendant. To Tanaquil LeClercq, who up until then had been getting herself a very nice time, he presented a black tulle redingote, a heavy black necklace, a looking-glass looking like a frying-pan, and some nasty-smelling flowers. Overcome by all this generosity poor Tanaquil expired and the gentleman left, still attended. He was of course . . . but how did you guess? A sad affair in every way. Balanchine's dance design might be good for *Gay Rosalinda* but to this music and for this company it just did not do. To the first of these waltz excursions, Frederick Ashton once did a ballet which had everything the music implied—the grave uncertainties which underlie all gaiety.

The general impression left by this first glimpse of the company was of a beautiful amazon horde working harder than it seemed possible for the human body to endure and with a strength and precision which never flagged. On the distaff side the company must be stronger than any in the world. The male dancer was not in evidence. When he did appear his costume was the same colour as the backcloth. When one of them broke away and did something on his own, a *double tour en l'air*, he almost fell over.

July 10. *The Duel, Lac des Cygnes, Lilac Garden, Pied Piper.*

THE second programme on July 10 took us over a few more bumpy bits on the roller-coaster but the ascent had started again. William Dollar's *The Duel* was created for two people and it should have remained that way; the addition of three other people galloping around only accentuates a lack of invention in the choreography. It is always a source of amazement that anybody should think this fragment from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* is a suitable ballet subject. Monteverdi's lovely miniature opera is almost unproduceable and there is little reason to believe that a ballet version should be any more successful. The present score of Raffaello de Banfield is most competent and Melissa Hayden made a strong Clorinda.

What a lot of fuss about Balanchine's *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II). There seems little reason for so much blood to have been brought to the boil. Few of us knew the original Ivanov version so we are in no position to get in a state about alterations. There are many faults in this ballet and it seems a pity that if Balanchine wished to pep it up that he did not go further and make a completely new ballet. As it is now it reminds one of Sunday's lunch that has been hotted up for Monday—never a very happy state of affairs. The *adage* remains intact but neither Maria Tallchief nor Tanaquil LeClercq gave any feeling of the lyricism which surely is essential. The *pas de quatre* for the cygnets retains all its irritating fussiness (one would imagine this the first number to be omitted in any refurbishing of the work). In spite of several beautiful groups, there still seems to be occasion for the *corps* to stand about in straight lines. Some obvious and amateurish cuts in the music were upsetting.

Of the innovations, a most charming *pas de trois* is outstanding. Led by Patricia Wilde who danced some spectacular steps usually associated with the male dancer it had not, it must be confessed, much of the atmosphere which this particular act is supposed to have. But as the right atmosphere was non-existent anyway, it hardly mattered. The music for the last act *entre'acte* (in the Sadler's Wells version) sometimes called the *Dance of the Little Swans*, was interpolated in a not very effective dance for Yvonne Mounsey and eight girls. As a finale, the last-act apotheosis music has been used and this is certainly an improvement if a little too busy. Business is the keynote of the whole version, the *tempi* were so rapid as to make it a swan's helter-skelter. Nor did Cecil Beaton's costumes help—the wings on the *corps de ballet* costumes were all a-wobble, usually in the opposite direction to which the dancer was travelling. This effect caused the audience to titter frequently as did the appearance of some plaster swans jerking their way across the backcloth. Such a device is completely in sympathy with the original production but if it is to be retained it should be properly managed.

The corps de ballet *in* Lac des Cygnes. *The photograph shows Cecil Beaton's decor and costumes*

sink low

The New York City Ballet Season at Covent Garden in review

by PETER WILLIAMS

Yvonne Mounsey in Serenade. *This work to Tchaikovsky's* Serenade for Strings *is still one of the best works in the repertoire and proved consistently popular all through the season. It was first given by American Ballet in* 1935 *when it had costumes by Jean Lurçat. It has also been given by Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the Paris Opéra. This photograph shows the new costume which is worn by all the girls*
Photo: Roy Round

The blame for the rape of acts from a full-length ballet should be laid at Diaghilev's door not Balanchine's. The latter has only made a sincere attempt to improve on something which at the best of times could never have been particularly good.

Lilac Garden, first created by Antony Tudor for the Rambert dancers in 1936, is one of this century's miniature masterpieces. In this particular repertoire it was a relief to see a work whose main aim is to create a mood. The eternal quadrangle (far more frequent than the triangle) in a lilac-scented summer's night was well given, and Nora Kaye, as Caroline, had a chance to display her remarkable dramatic immobility. Nobody has ever been so good as Hugh Laing (Her Lover) in the role he created sixteen years ago. His maturity makes him even more suitable. The new setting by Horace Armistead is better for a large stage than the original of Hugh Stevenson (which was so ideal for the Mercury) but the lilac seemed to be defying the laws of nature by growing upwards. One cherry coloured costume nearly ruined the work, otherwise Karinska's dresses, though no improvement, were quite pleasing.

A girl crosses the bare stage and starts to play a clarinet. Dancers in practice costume find themselves irresistibly drawn into Aaron Copland's clarinet concerto. They jive and caper, unable to control their limbs. It all ends in a flash and a cloud of smoke. That is Jerome Robbins' *Pied Piper* and it is quite a lot of fun. Janet Reed and Tanaquil LeClercq are zany and uninhibited. Jean Rosenthal, as usual, lights this lack of scenery so as to make it a place of wonder.

July 14. *Caracole, La Gloire, A la Francaix, Bourree Fantasque.*

CARACOLE (to Mozart's Divertimento number 15) started us off, in earnest, on a series of ballets using no scenery. Of all of them it most seemed to cry out for a designer. Some rehashed costumes which Bérard originally designed for *Mozartiana* looked absurd when taken out of their context and should never have had his name attached to them. In spite of this and in spite of the ballet's length there were some variations which must be some of the most wonderful Balanchine ever created and on a level with those for the fairies in the Prologue in *Sleeping Beauty*. Patricia Wilde again was outstanding but what she had to dance was rather too neat for her particular broad style.

Somebody once having said that Nora Kaye was the Duse of the dance, I can only assume that Tudor decided to give her the dramatic ballet to end all dramatic ballets. In *La Gloire* she is a great actress (possibly Bernhardt) in the sunset of her career. Playing *Lucrece*, *Phêdre* and *Hamlet* she is always conscious of a Dancer in Gray (Diana Adams) who represents either another rising star or else the spirit of her past glory. Some people thought it was a ballet version of the film, *All About Eve*, and for all I know they may have been right. Kaye was fine and put every dramatic trick she knows into it but she had to battle against three Beethoven overtures (*Egmont*, *Coriolanus* and *Leonora III*). It was a manly fight in which the relentlessness of Beethoven triumphed over the indefiniteness of Tudor. The audience appeared to find it to its taste but I think it must be considered to be one of the brave failures of the year. A good idea which, developed to different music, might have been a resounding success.

A la Francaix was a light hearted joke for André Eglevsky. Without him, half the joke seems to have gone. A Sylphide, in the way these creatures do, gets in between a tennis player and his sporting girl friend. Just when it looks as though the Sylphide is vanquished she turns into a bathing belle. It all has the brittle charm of Francaix' Serenade for Small Orchestra and both Janet Reed and Melissa Hayden gave it with an almost Gallic verve. A setting would have helped.

From the point of view of programme-making it seemed odd to follow this feather-weight work with another one in the same vein. *Bourree Fantasque* though never a particularly good work has worn well and makes an excellent finishing ballet. When one remembers what Balanchine did to some of this Chabrier music in *Cotillon* (one of the best ballets of the 'thirties) it makes one a little sad to see every thing on this glossy, almost film technicolor level. The company danced it with great spirit and obvious enjoyment.

July 17. *The Card Game, Age of Anxiety, Divertimento.*

THE revival of *The Card Game* can only have museum value. It is no use saying that it is interesting as being an early Balanchine work. It came two years after *Serenade*, five years after *Cotillon* and eight years after *Le Fils Prodigue*. It keeps closely to Stravinsky's plan for a poker game which still does not stop it from becoming one of the worst ballets that we have ever seen from Balanchine. The score is dramatic and exciting, the choreography has an underlying humour which rarely crosses the footlights. Janine Charrat's version for Les Ballets des Champs Elysées is well-known in Europe and was not outstandingly good other than as a vehicle for the Joker of Jean Babilée, but compared to this it seems a masterpiece. The costumes were so hideous that I will refrain from mentioning the designer's name. The all-important Joker (Todd Bolender) was hardly noticeable.

The roller-coaster car, at this point, takes a flying leap from the depths to the heights. In *Divertimento*, to Haieff's orchestral suite, Balanchine has created one of the prettiest and gayest little ballets of our time. Without the help of scenery or designed costumes (for once one would have it no other way) a series of *demi-caractère* dances assumes the nature of a peasant fiesta with a distinctly Scottish flavour. Tanaquil LeClercq was better in this than in almost anything else. In a *pas de deux* with Francisco Moncion her line became exaggerated in a manner that was fascinating. She also had a solo which was a study in dynamic stillness. This made up for all the disappointment of the *Card Game* and I am inclined to think is the best of the more recent works in the repertoire.

The four strangers who meet and become acquainted in Robbins' *Age of Anxiety* really deserve the hell which is obviously going to be their eventual environment. They are dull, worthless creatures and one sheds no tear for their fate.

The work would be more effective if it did not go on for an age of its own. Owing to the presence of Nora Kaye it seems less lengthy than it did two years ago. One can commend it as being a serious attempt by Robbins to get away from his delightful *Interplay* and *Fancy Free* (for Ballet Theatre) but if the path is only going to lead to works like *The Cage* then it would be better if he went back and perfected the type of ballet in which he was once a master.

Symphony in C is the mixture as before with Balanchine suddenly creating something so

Hugh Laing as Hippolytus and Nora Kaye as Phêdre in Antony Tudor's La Gloire

Frank Hobi, as the Interlocutor, and Patricia Wilde in Skip-away *from Ruthanna Boris'* Cakewalk

lovely that one forgives certain longeurs. There is no doubt that he used this Bizet Symphony far better at the Paris Opéra where Leonor Fini's designs gave the work more shape.

July 21. *Prodigal Son, Concerto Barocco, Cakewalk.*

THE revival of *Prodigal Son* should have come earlier in the season. What grandeur in conception and design this work has; how clearly the hand of Diaghilev seems clenched behind the last work he was to inspire. People may say that ballet has progressed since then but if so, and I am inclined to doubt it, I fail to see that the progress has been more than a few yards. It is fashion which changes but masterpieces such as this remain for all time. As the errant boy, Hugh Laing was good; more sensitive than Moncion but not quite so earthy.

Yvonne Mounsey is a siren in Dubrovska class; she has a cold and enigmatic sensuousness. All the erotic suggestion that need ever be seen on the stage is in her dance with the ruby-coloured train. At times she reminds one of the Queen of Shemakhan in *Le Coq d'Or*. Where does she come from and where does she sail off to on the prow of her boat? It leaves something for the audience to figure out for themselves. The sombre magnificence of Rouault's decors needs re-painting.

When seen in relation to the other ballets of this kind in the repertoire, *Concerto Barocco* does not seem so impressive as when we first saw it with the De Cuevas company. The mathematics of Bach's double concerto need perfect precision in the danced interpretation. For the first time this season such a quality was lacking. Curiously enough it does not seem right for LeClercq and it is possible that Maria Tallchief would have been more suitable. The black practice costumes had a rather depressing effect.

The ballet minstrel show called *Cakewalk* is the first work by Ruthanna Boris to be seen in this country. Compared with the high altars around which we have been weaving, it may all seem terribly frivolous. Yet this sheer piece of music hall was very welcome. It is the kind of work which Ballet Theatre would have given without being the least ashamed of it. The traditional songs were very well orchestrated by Hershy Kay.

After a Grand Introductory Walkaround, Beatrice Tomkins rendered a ballad of the utmost pathos about the eternal wallflower. In the second part she was Hortense, Queen of the Swamp Lilies who shoots her lover (not fatally we hope) on a swing. Patricia Wilde led the company with all her usual agility in *Freebee*. Frank Hobi, The Interlocutor, turned magician and conjured Yvonne Mounsey from the air as Venus surrounded by balloons. Patricia Wilde returned as a Wild Pony and all ended up in a Gala Cakewalk.

The work should have been given more often during the season because it helped to balance the more serious ballets.

July 24. *Four Temperaments.*

"OH goodness, it is another of those," said the lady behind me as the curtain rose on *Four Temperaments*. I realised what she meant as the lines of dancers in practice costumes against blue sky were revealed. It was certainly starting to get a bit monotonous but actually this type of presentation was preferable to the designed settings seen here two years ago. Then, the costumes obscured the many wonders of Balanchine's invention that it is now possible to see. The three *pas de deux* in the Theme are better than the four variations for the Temperaments—Melancholic, Sanguinic, Phlegmatic, and Choleric. It is not easy to see where the temperaments themselves are depicted in the choreography though Todd Bolender was obviously phlegmatic. It is a strange work with uneven patches though the best moments are certainly worth waiting for and Hindemith's music makes up for the less interesting passages. We have *seen* a lot of fine music during the season.

July 28. *Mother Goose Suite, Orpheus.*

THERE seems little reason for the return of *Mother Goose Suite*. Todd Bolender has made a fantasy to Ravel's music which is muddled in conception; the introduction of Clouds in the form of girls carrying silken sheets is quite absurd. As the Young Girl who dreams it all up, Nora Kaye was hopelessly miscast. One of the most distressing features of the whole season has been the fact that this truly great artist has been wasted on totally unsuitable works.

The revival of *Orpheus* should have come earlier in the season. It is very distinguished and one longs to see it given with Balanchine's earlier work on a Greek mythological subject—*Apollon Musagète*. In both, Stravinsky has composed scores of quiet beauty.

Led by the Dark Angel (Moncion), Orpheus (Magallanes) journeys to the underworld through the mists of designer Isamu Noguchi's silk curtain. Not even Hades is particularly noisy. Gently the two lead Eurydice (Diana Adams) away, until she too, is lost in Noguchi's mists.

The brassy Bacchantes who tear Orpheus to bits move almost on tip-toe for fear of disturbing the peace of the ballet. When Apollo invokes the spirit of Orpheus as the God of Song, there is no rising crescendo—just a soft fade out.

How gripping is this lack of obvious dramatic climax! How telling the complete simplicity even on a large stage in a theatre the size of Covent Garden! It is perhaps too understated to appeal immediately to those seeing it for the first time. Yet the memory of it remains long after more pungent works are forgotten.

In the title role Magallanes is at his best, though a more flexible body than he possesses would probably turn this into a more telling portrayal. As he is masked for the greater part of the work it is only through his body that he can express himself. Dancing Eurydice for the first time, Diana Adams rather lacked the projection of Maria Tallchief but, given more opportunity, she seems to have the quality that will eventually make this her most important part to date. The designs of Noguchi are still as effective as when they were first seen. This, together with *Prodigal Son*, shows all the elements of ballet combining to make a masterpiece

This resumé of the season may have appeared to be rather harsh at times. But it is offered in all honesty. The New York City Ballet is now a company of the first importance in the world therefore it is in this light that it must be judged. Many of the shortcomings would be excused in lesser companies but the company aims at perfection. If it does not always attain it, my goodness the moments when it does are worth every moment of those descents in the roller-coaster car. Given a stronger collection of male dancers, given more worthy designers, given a few better ballets by choreographers other than Balanchine—then there will be few companies to touch it.

Some cast changes

Some of the cast-changes during the company's Covent Garden season have been necessitated by the mid-season departures of Maria Tallchief and Janet Reed.

Jillana, Patricia Wilde, Doris Breckenridge and Janet Reed together with Todd Bolender (as the Joker) in Balanchine's Card Game. *This was the first ballet ever created to Stravinsky's* Jeu de Cartes

Whether or not one considers it a sacrilege to Fokine, *The Firebird* judged on its own merits is not by any means a satisfying ballet, but the title-role does give an opportunity for fine dancing. This opportunity was splendidly taken by Melissa Hayden. Two years ago Hayden occasionally brought to a dramatic role far too many facial grimaces and an assortment of audible grunts. She has now smoothed out the roughness and is dancing like some pagan goddess. In a few years time she, with her assurance and style, could become a great classical ballerina.

Another dancer considerably improved is Patricia Wilde. Taking over from Janet Reed in *Symphony in C* and *Bourree Fantasque* her buoyant dancing and warm charm were delightful.

Other cast-changes in *Bourree* involved Diana Adams, Nora Kaye and Hugh Laing. Adams' fresh and successful interpretation chose to be more arch than grotesque in LeClercq's role, while Laing looked misplaced in the Prelude and his dancing was not really up to the part's modest technical demands.

Reed's part in Robbins' fascinating ballet *The Pied Piper* has been taken by LeClercq. Her type of mid-summer madness is far from Reed's and in this role it does not fit. However the midget pugnacity of Reed was hardly more missed than the languid dappiness of LeClercq in her own role, which, owing to its creator's new part, was danced by Marilyn Poudrier. Nicholas Magallanes has also appeared in this ballet dancing with smooth skill the *pas de deux* with Adams he originally created, but which was entrusted to Laing at the London *premiere*.

At the second performance of *The Prodigal Son* this season, the title-part was taken by Francisco Moncion. As may be seen by his appearances in *Symphony in C* and *Age of Anxiety* Moncion has improved technically, and this enhances all his roles.

The Prodigal is one of the great characters in modern ballet. Moncion, never overstressing its more obvious aspects, gives a performance of subtle artistry depicting with equal clarity the Prodigal's conceit and dissipation, his degradation at the hands of the Siren, his salvation in the arms of his Father. Moncion has also appeared as the "main course" in Robbins' tract on social life in the insect world, *The Cage*.

Clive Barnes

Carpenter answers Chujoy

In our August issue, Anatole Chujoy (editor of New York *Dance News*) wrote a few comments about the English critics on the New York City Ballet. The critic who came in for the most attention was John Carpenter of *London Evening News*. Here is John Carpenter's reply:

SIR,—Reading the preamble to your leader in the August issue I avidly anticipated from Mr. Anatole Chujoy, if not an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement on ballet trends, at least some comments of a topical nature of importance to the ballet lover. Instead I found only a series of pin-pricks at some London critics. In Fleet Street there is an old custom that "dog does not bite dog." A custom of which Mr. Chujoy seems unaware. But no matter. I would be glad to deal with some of the points he raises.

1. Balanchine's *Serenade:* He rightly records that I wrote about "some ragged dancing" but complains that I did not say where. Because of the extremely limited space available in London newspapers for ballet criticism, I felt it was more important (and only fair to the visiting company) to give space to a possible explanation of this raggedness by the *corps de ballet*, to wit, fatigue due to their strenuous tour.

2. The mechanical swans in the new version of *Swan Lake* Act II: I did *not* say they were Balanchine's invention, I recorded that there was twittering when the swans appeared. Why? The answer, I suggest, is that some stage effects (even those used by great artists of the past) are now outmoded. In England, mechanical swans and similar devices have become associated with pantomime, hence my reference to Christmas entertainment. I should have thought that the usual version of *Swan Lake* Act II, with the Prince and followers peering at unseen swans in the sky as the curtain falls, was a more artistic way of handling the situation; it certainly leaves a little to the imagination.

3. Cecil Beaton's sets for *Swan Lake*: I am taken to task for comparing them to a Victorian engraving. Surely a writer is justified in using any simile, any phrase or adjective, which he feels expresses his reaction to the object he is trying to describe. It is beside the point that the scenery was inspired by such and such an artist or artists. The point was that the scenery *looked* like an Victorian engraving to at least one observer, in this case the writer.

4. Mr. Chujoy refers to my praise for *The Pied Piper* which I said belonged to a genre in which the company excel ("witty and gaily inconsequential"). This was an opinion I was entitled to hold and it is one which I believe is shared by many others. I made no mention of the company's important serious works—*Age of Anxiety*, *The Prodigal Son*, and others—works which I sincerely admire. To suggest that I was uncertain to which genre these serious works belong was unworthy of a writer of Mr. Chujoy's calibre.

The speed with which Mr. Chujoy rushed into print (after reading notices of only the first two performances) suggests he is highly sensitive to criticism of the New York company. If he had waited a little longer he would have read much in their praise.—JOHN CARPENTER, *Evening News*, Carmelite House, London, E.C. 4.

Janet Reed as the girl under the spell of the clarinet in Jerome Robbins' The Pied Piper *Photo: Paul Wilson*

curtain up!

Anton Dolin, John Gilpin and Bill Westlow (of American Ballet Theatre) on the beach at Capri
Photo: Di Domenico

Workshops galore

THE success of Ballet Workshop in giving a stage to the creators of ballet, has now influenced other organisations to start up. It seems likely that David Poole will organise something much on the same lines for the Sadler's Wells dancers. Alan Carter and A. V. Coton are also starting a similar organisation in connection with the International Faculty of Arts. Presumably all the performances will be given on Sundays so it is to be hoped that they are not going to clash in any way. While there is plenty of room for anything which gives artists a chance to show their creative ability, it would be a pity if they all ended by cutting each other's throats. The paying public, who after all control all that happens in the theatre, can become very tired of watching a lot of ballets in the making. So let us hope that all three concerns keep a weather-eye on the quality and high standard of their productions. If this is done, then a good deal of healthy competition will be of great benefit to everyone.

Paradise for Harding

THE International Faculty of Arts has its headquarters in the late Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. It entered the ballet arena on Sunday, July 27, by giving a reception and forum in honour of New York City Ballet. The principal speaker was George Balanchine.

There was no set subject for discussion and the audience was invited to fire questions at those on the platform. As is usual in such gatherings, the questions took a long time to come. When they did the discussion would have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Gilbert Harding (who recently attacked in no uncertain terms, the whole art of ballet and its followers). The only person who emerged unscathed was Mr. Balanchine who talked in a fascinating, though not completely audible, way and most wisely skirted around the questions. One could only wish that he had been given a subject on which to air his views and then let the audience play their part at the end. The whole occasion showed too clearly how much muddled thinking there is about ballet.

Right temperament, wrong girl

CONGRATULATIONS must go to a daily newspaper whose music critic praised Tanaquil LeClercq for her fine performance of the Choleric variation in New York City's *Four Temperaments*. This excellent dancer must have been highly gratified, but perhaps some credit should have gone to Diana Adams who (despite the printed programme) actually danced the variation. We should like to repeat our warning that you should never believe all you read in programmes.

Bearded Piper

WE should liked to have seen the *Pied Piper* in Paris. The clarinettist engaged to play the solo in Copland's concerto refused to go on the stage. So Balanchine, heavily disguised under a beard, mimed the role and appeared to have enjoyed himself immensely. One ballet mother, the story goes, was so incensed at the antics of what she took to be a new musician that she went to look for Balanchine to stop the performance.

Dancers in delight

WHAT makes a happy ballet company? Whatever it is, Anton Dolin would appear to know the secret. Most of the dancers in Festival Ballet seem pleased with life and actually like working together. Michael Hogan, who recently joined as a soloist, summed it up by expressing surprise at the way everyone is made to realise that he or she has something valuable to contribute to the success of the whole.

Dancers in disgust

NOT-SO-HAPPY dancers were the cast of *The Cage* summoned to Covent Garden at a very early hour one morning for a photo-call in full make-up. The photographs, for an illustrated paper, later appeared with a commentary far from eulogistic. The dancers were, quite understandably, far from pleased when they saw the result.

happy birthday to...

		Sept.
Nora de Wal	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	18
Svetlana Beriosova	Sadler's Wells Ballet	24
Suzanne Sarova	Festival Ballet	26
Michael Somes	Sadler's Wells Ballet	28
		Oct.
Ninette D'Amboise	New York City Ballet	1
Vladimir Kalichevsky	International Ballet	1
Thekla Russell	formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet	1
Tanaquil LeClercq	New York City Ballet	2
Jon Waks	Festival Ballet	2
Andrée Howard		3
Jacques Ribes	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	3
Louise Browne	former ballerina and musical comedy star	5
Helene Trailine	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	6
Denys Palmer	International Ballet	9
Douglas Stuert	Sadler's Wells Ballet	9
Jill Gregory	Sadler's Wells Ballet	10
Pauline Clayden	Sadler's Wells Ballet	12

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

Its bound to happen—

—in the *pas de quatre* from *Swan Lake* Drawn by Peter Revitt

Legs go straight

COLETTE MARCHAND, whose legs were so startling in Roland Petit's *L'Oeuf a la Coque* and which later made her the sensation of America where beautiful legs are not uncommon, has forsaken ballet for the time. She is in England playing a leading role in the film *Moulin Rouge* about Toulouse Lautrec. She does not dance but her acting is said to be remarkable and people who have seen the rushes compare her to the young Garbo.

Get this !

THE billing of certain ballets never ceases to amaze us.

Swan Lake was recently advertised in an Australian newspaper as: "Story that charms! Dancing that amazes! Scenery that enchants, and Tchaikovsky's glorious orchestration (conducted by Verdon Williams), an additional inspiration."

Of *Giselle:* "Told in thrilling dance—the love of a peasant girl for a Duke! A love that ended in tragedy. Not a word spoken. . . ."

Of Walter Gore's *Antonia:* "Walter Gore's *Antonio* the turgid story in dance of a man's love and jealousy—the eternal triangle and the primeval urge and call of mate for mate that cannot be denied."

"No wonder the National Ballet has been invited to visit England during the coronation."

No wonder indeed!

If there is any truth in the persistent rumour that the Sadler's Wells Ballet are to visit the Antipodes in 1953 or 1954, we can have a happy time during the coming winter in speculating as to what their billing will be.

Little theatre with long life

NOT many people who visited the Kenton Theatre at Henley-on-Thames during the fortnight of John Cranko ballets, realised that the theatre is very old. It was built in 1805 and has quite a history. It is possible that famous names have trodden its boards. For a small theatre it is an ideal size, seating 270. The stage, though small, is not cramped and there is a great deal of storage space at the back.

It belongs to the Henley Brewery who were about to turn it into a warehouse so John Piper together with the local doctor took it over last year. Piper re-designed the proscenium and papered the theatre with red striped wallpaper, he also had the floor raked so that it is possible to see the stage even at the back of the house. The result is one of the most charming little theatres in England.

Future plans include seasons of plays, opera and ballet. If these seasons are as successful as the recent ballet season it looks as though Henley may become an important place in the world of art.

John Cranko and John Piper discuss plans for the ballet season in the back yard of the Kenton Theatre, Henley - on - Thames. Cranko created several new works for the season amongst them a ballet called Dancing *which is reviewed on page twenty-one of this issue. The whole programme showed his many-sided talent and added-up to one of the most entertaining dance spectacles of the year.*

Piper has leased the theatre and also re-decorated it. He designed several of the works given. Other designers included Osbert Lancaster and Sydney King. Michael Northen was the Stage Director and in charge of the lighting which made the programme one of the most professional seen outside the London theatre

Photo: Alec Murray

A companion and an offer

OUR lonely years are over for Dance and Dancers now has a companion. Music and Musicians is now on sale.

Ballet lovers are usually music lovers as well and in the new magazine there is much that will interest those concerned with serious music.

What is more there is an attractive offer of books about music at greatly reduced prices. Of special interest to our readers is Desmond Shaw Taylor's Covent Garden, and Mosco Carner's The Waltz. All the books are beautifully illustrated.

Overworked storks

LATEST newcomer to the ranks of ballet babies is Gisele-Alice, daughter of René Bon and his beautiful wife, Anne-Maria Coralli. She was born on July 28 at Nice.

René Bon, one of the most brilliant of French dancers, will be remembered here for his fine performances in many roles with the de Cuevas company and later with Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Recently he has been dancing with Janine Charrat's group.

Ballerino Charlie

"HE'S the best ballet dancer that ever lived and if I get a good chance I'll kill him with my bare hands." W. C. Fields after seeing an early Charlie Chaplin film.

Entries are invited for this column of amusing or interesting quotations with reference to ballet or dancers. The best will receive the cash prize of five shillings. Please send your entries to the Editor, DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, London, S.W. 1. Put the word "quotations" on the top left-hand corner of envelope. Be certain to give your source of reference.

The finished tights worn by Jocelyn Rickards the Australian painter *Photo: Alec Murray*

How to knit tights

Materials: 7 ozs. Paton's Beehive Fingering 3-ply, Patonised, in black 52. A pair each No. 11 and No. 12 "Queen Bee" needles. Shirring elastic for waist.

Measurements: To fit 36-37 inch hips; length from waist to crutch at front, 11½ ins.; inside leg seam, 28 ins. (adjustable).

Tension: 8 stitches and 10 rows to an inch on No. 11 needles.

RIGHT LEG

Begin at ankle. With No. 12 needles cast on 68 sts. and work 2½ ins. k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 11 needles and stocking-stitch, shaping leg by increasing 1 st. at each end of next and every following 14th row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until inside leg seam measures 28 ins. or required length.

Now increase at each end of every row until there are 136 sts., then decrease at each end of next and every following 3rd row until 124 sts. remain.

Now keep front edge straight but continue to decrease at back edge on next and every following 3rd row until 104 sts. remain. Work straight until front edge measures 8½ ins. from start of decreasings, ending with a knit row.

Here shape back: 1st. row: p. 70. turn and knit back. 3rd row: p. 65, turn and k. back. 5th row: p. 60, turn and knit back. Continue thus, working 5 sts. less each time; your last 2 rows will read: p. 5, turn and k. back.

Next row: purl over all sts. Change to No. 12 needles and work 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1 rib for waist. Cast off loosely in rib.

LEFT LEG

Work to correspond with right leg, reversing all shapings.

GUSSET

With No. 11 needles cast on 2 sts. and work in stocking-stitch, increasing 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 28 sts., then decrease at each end of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press parts on wrong side under a damp cloth, avoiding ribbing. Join front and back seams, then join leg seams and insert gusset.

Thread 4 rows of shirring elastic through waist ribbing. Press all seams.

Dancers of Festival Ballet

by CLIVE BARNES

At what age does a ballet company become established? London's Festival Ballet is now over two years old—rather more if one dates its birth from the formation of the company which supported the Markova and Dolin provincial tours—and already shows signs of acquiring a strong personality of its own.

This personality is energetic and extrovert. Whatever the occasion, whatever the ballets, the dancers appear to set out to give the performance of their lives. They always provide that mixture of entertainment and showmanship which is the secret of the company's success. The dancers make up in gusto what the repertory occasionally lacks in variety and interest.

Nathalie Leslie

Since Markova's withdrawal from the company Leslie (formerly Krassovska) has been the prima-ballerina. The responsibility thrust upon her has resulted in a remarkable improvement in her dancing and in the consistency of her performances. This improvement is well illustrated by the fine performance she now gives in *Black Swan*. Even more interesting is her Giselle which, once colourless, now shows signs of becoming a notable interpretation. Her Street Dancer in *Beau Danube* needs a little more full-bloodedness, but it is still probably the best since Danilova.

Belinda Wright

Like others in the company Wright graduated from the Ballet Rambert. She has a speed and lightness which are better shown in soubrette parts (particularly in the *Harlequinade pas de deux*) than by classical ballerina roles in which, at the moment, she rather lacks dignity. At her best her dancing has an athletic grace, illustrated by her performance in *Concerto Grosso en Ballet*, which might be well served by Balanchine. Her First Hand in *Beau Danube* is unequalled until she has to turn *fouettes*. Her highly individual merits require the interest of a choreographer for them to be developed to the full.

Sonia Arova

A fairly recent acquisition to the company, she is now showing once more the ballerina qualities which although apparent in her early appearances with the Rambert and Metropolitan companies later became clouded over with mannerisms. She has an exciting classic style, showy without being over-flamboyant. Her head is well set and her arms have an imperious distinction. She is at her best in the *Don Quixote pas de deux* and acts Zobeide in *Scheherazade* with passionate sincerity.

Daphne Dale

A good-looking dancer who, like Landa, Rossana, Beckett, Godfrey and Trunoff, started at the beginning in the company's *corps de ballet*. The roles she has danced have not made great demands upon her technique, although her smooth-gliding Fairy Godmother was one of the merits of Lichine's romp *Harlequinade*. She makes an acceptable substitute for Leslie as the Captive Princess in *Prince Igor*.

Anita Landa

A character dancer of a vigour rare in British ballet, she is well able to submerge her personality into her various roles. These range from the non-human Mechanical Doll in *Nutcracker* and the sub-human Doll in *Petrouchka* to the Fiancée in *Beau Danube* and the Polovstian Girl in *Prince Igor*. All her dancing has a refreshing vitality.

Noel Rossana

Rossana has danced many of the leading roles in the repertory, outstanding among them being her satisfying assumption of Cerito in Dolin's *The Pas de Quatre*. A dancer of great charm whose delicate manner is often thrown into contrast by the more generally exuberant style of the surrounding company. Her present problem appears to be the acquisition of a more powerful stage personality without the sacrifice of that essential almost shy quality from which springs her charm.

Anton Dolin

The first British *premier danseur* in the Ballet Russe, Dolin has been intimately associated with the growth of ballet in Britain and America. He is the Artistic Director of Festival Ballet. It would be ungracious to pretend that his dancing is now as good as it ever was but he is still pastmaster in the art of *pas de deux*. He is rightly the most celebrated Albrecht of our time and in this role he is sometimes capable of a performance worthy of association with his great name. Unfortunately he has recently suffered a series of foot-injuries, so it may be that in future he will choose to devote his great experience more and more to the tasks of administration.

John Gilpin

Gilpin is one of the most promising male dancers in the world to-day. His dancing in a role like *Black Swan* can have a virtuoso brilliance that to-day has few equals. But his talents are not confined to those of the cavalier. His Albrecht, already excellently danced, has hints of many better things, while his Hussar in *Beau Danube* has improved from season to season. Gradual improvement is in fact the most remarkable aspect of his dancing. He seems never content to rest on the laurel wreaths of yesterday. Perhaps here British ballet has another perfectionist of the Fonteyn school.

Oleg Briansky

Briansky came to Festival Ballet via Les Ballets des Champs Elysées and Les Ballets de Paris. Tall, an excellent partner with a commanding stage personality, his dancing is marked throughout with panache and flourish. He is nothing short of superb in the exhilarating *Don Quixote pas de deux*, and sombrely menacing as Mephistopheles in *Vision of Marguerite*, but his qualities are less well suited by the Hussar in *Beau Danube* or *Les Sylphides*.

Keith Beckett

A young character dancer of personality. His playing of the title-role in *Petrouchka* is one of the best attempts post-war London has seen in the way it conveys the pathos of the puppet who finds immortality in his aspiring death. His portrait of the Manager in *Beau Danube* is a clever humorous sketch. Like some of the other young dancers in the company his development may have been slightly retarded by the lack of roles in the repertory suitable for fostering his talents.

Peter Darrell

One of the first members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and a young choreographer of promise, Darrell is a useful soloist to the company. In parts like Benno and Hilarion he acts with considerable intelligence, while his performance as the Artist in *Beau Danube* is a fine portrayal sketched in with an abundance of small detail.

Louis Godfrey

A South African dancer of some versatility. Although perhaps best known for his Dandy in *Beau Danube* and has also danced a variety of other roles, including Spanish and Russian character parts, with marked success. He proved himself preferable in the Third Movement of *Symphonic Impressions* to the role's creator.

Michael Hogan

Hogan is a soloist new to the company from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and has yet to be seen by London in his present environment. A dancer of definite ability and style; his new company appears to be having greater success in presenting his talents than had his old. Given the right conditions for development he may well have the makings of a leading soloist.

Vassilie Trunoff

Trunoff, an Australian of Russian parentage, burst upon the London ballet public a couple of years back with a splendid performance of the Bouffon in *Nutcracker*. Although his character technique is exceptional (for example his Polovstian Warrior is as well or even better danced than Kalioujny's) he has yet to learn how to give power and credence to his characterisations. For this reason his Golden Slave in *Scheherazade* was a little disappointing last season. This disability overcome he would be among the first of that fast thinning rank—the Russian character dancers.

Beriosoff and others

Although Nicholas Beriosoff is today best known as the company's regisseur he is also a character dancer of distinction. He makes an excellent Charlatan in *Petrouchka* and has also given a well studied performance of the title part. In such roles as Dr. Drosselmeyer and the Strong Man his experience is a considerable asset to the company.

Among Festival Ballet's other listed soloists are Nicole Breton, the company's latest recruit who dances well as the First Hand; Shelagh Franklyn; and Janet Overton. The male soloist roster is completed by Petrus Bosman, Wolfgang Brunner and Peter White. Dancers who are not yet listed soloists but have appeared in solo roles include Sally Bradley, Monica Leigh, Joan Potter, Wendy West, Graeme Anderson, Geoffrey Davidson and Ivan Dragadze. It is well worth noting that all these dancers, like the majority of the company's soloists, were comparatively unknown before the formation of Festival Ballet.

NEXT MONTH

The October issue will contain articles on Gene Kelly, Ballet Workshop, *Coppelia*, and the many new ballets which are being given at the beginning of September. Photographs of classical ballets in the U.S.S.R. All the usual features in twenty-eight pages. Cover of Yvette Chauviré.

Above: *Gracie Fields, Anton Dolin and Sophie Tucker on a shopping expedition* *Photo: D'Elia*

Right: *Ruth Page, John Gilpin, Anton Dolin, Margot Fonteyn and Frederick Ashton on the quay at Capri*

Anton Dolin's Italian Holiday

THE holiday is over, but these few lines will try to recapture a little of the, alas, too few days of relaxation, warm sun, blue sea and the happy hours with dear friends.

I cannot bring myself to write of the ballet, although as I sit at the desk in my flat, I can see from the window the Royal Festival Hall where, in a few days, Festival Ballet will already be appearing.

Today is Sunday, July 27, my birthday. I offer my thanks to those loyal friends who sent me good wishes; had they put addresses on their cards, I would have answered each one personally.

A few weeks ago I flew to Rome, then went by train to Naples; one evening there, and the next afternoon by the boat to Capri. Before that, I had lunch with friends who were in Italy—Ethel le Vane, with whom I made the Decca recording of the narration of *Atlantic Crossing*, had been working for weeks on a book in conjunction with Paul Getty, itemising and writing of his fabulous art collection.

Before lunch, another friend walked into the hotel, Betty Ertinger, accompanied by her very pretty niece. They were just off the ship, *The Constitution*, for a stay of two days before continuing their course. Dear Betty, who casually talks of her few knick-knacks in her Fifth Avenue, New York apartment, "just a few Ruben's and Raphael's, my dear. I don't like too many things around."

This was to be my first visit to Capri. Years ago I had been invited to stay there by Teddie Gerard (some of you may remember her). But somehow I never got there. Now I was taking some colour film and records to that beloved artist, Gracie Fields. Surely that was Rosie Dolly on the boat? The quay was crowded, but two people I knew were there to meet me—Merrie Russell and her daughter Pickles.

The first week was heaven. Except for a wonderful luncheon on the terrace of Gracie's villa overlooking a lovely sea, there were no other social occasions. Just exploring the beauties of the island, for me slightly spoiled by too many people doing the same thing as myself—having a holiday.

The little Piazza was the rendezvous each evening for drinks and, if one felt inclined, to know about and listen to the evening's gossip. I found there a charming and interesting person known to all who visit this Isle of Capri—the one-time quite famous dancer, Hans Julian Spiegal. A deaf mute almost from birth, he was famous and still is for his Balinese and Eastern mask dancing. I remember him well in the play *Shanghai* in Paris in 1930, with the French star, Jane Marnac. He could lip-read my German words, and we were able to carry on many a conversation. His collection of famous first editions of Oscar Wilde's books and poems, his Aubrey Beardsley's *Salome* and some sixty masks are really quite wonderful.

After a week—not entirely against my wishes—I began to get a bit caught up in the parties and the usual invitations. Sophie Tucker arrived for a twelve hours visit from Rome, keeping her long-time promise to visit Gracie. I found her sitting with her sister Anne on the Piazza. It was not long before we were off shopping in The Market. What energy, what enthusiasm that dynamo, "The First and Last of the Red Hot Mommas", has.

One luncheon hour and suddenly the ballet came to life in Capri—Ruth Page, her husband Tom Fisher, Margot Fonteyn, Frederick Ashton and John Gilpin. Ballet talk, past, present and future plans were the discussion of the moment. Bill Westlow, dancer of the American Ballet Theatre, had left the day before; otherwise, another voice would have been added to the discussions.

The days and nights were soon over, and the first part of the holiday was behind me. Leaving that lovely island was quite sad but the thought of Venice in twelve hours dispelled the gloom. Two hours in Rome. The dome of St. Peter's, the light in the Vatican windows, and the moon in its full glory.

The early morning arrival in Venice. The (always to me, anyhow) thrill and pulsating excitement as the train finally stops, and one knows that within a few yards from the platform, the smartest gondola in Venice will be waiting to take me almost to the steps of San Marco 2678 where my host, Arthur Jeffress will be waiting in the piazza of his lovely house.

Six perfect days, and by now the knowledge that Naples would be revisited on the Italian tour, that was by then taking form, after the London Season at the Royal Festival Hall ends.

Although I had been to Venice many many times, it was my first visit to the Island of Torcello. I should like to die there or, anyhow, be buried there, not that I consider I am worthy of lying there amidst its beauty.

Venice was by no means crowded. The huge Piazza was cool at night, and as wondrous as always. There were few people I knew and I cannot exactly say I was in any way disappointed. I suddenly spied Sally Kamin and her husband (of the well known New York ballet bookshop) lunching near the Feniche Theatre. I had been to look over it, for in a few weeks I shall be dancing there when the company plays in Venice. Peggy Guggenheim in her Palazzo with its magnificent (one of the greatest in the world) collection of modern paintings has promised us a big first night party.

That early, far too early, morning departure from Venice by motor boat to the airport came, alas, all too soon. After five perfect days with the most charming host in Venice, the plane soared over the lagoons of the magical city, and I was on the first leg of the journey back home.

To Paris. At my feet in the plane was a tiny two-months-old Lhassa terrier that I was taking to Else Schiaparelli in Paris. A present from Peggy Guggenheim. Mine stays on in Venice, till I call for it in a few weeks. What a cursed nuisance that six months' quarantine is!

Paris and the world of the dance loomed in front of me. Toumanova and Lifar at the Opéra in *Phèdre*. Supper with Lifar afterwards. Next day, a lesson with Madame Rossane. I see two fine young dancers in her class that followed my hour's work, Violetta Verdi and Xenia Pally. In the same class, the quiet beauty and noble line of our own Svetlana Beriosova stood out in calm relief.

Next night to Ballets de Marigny, where Chauviré, that real star of the French dance, was herself dancing quite wonderfully. How stupid, how unbelievably wrong it is that the Opéra of Paris ever let her leave its walls. Truly a great ballerina!

And now it is over. Still it is good to be back in London feeling well and rested, and to be surrounded once again by the girls and boys of my own company, of whom I am really very fond . . . and all my friends.

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New Books

DANCES SACRED AND PROFANE

Religious Dances in the Christian Church and in Popular Medicine, by E. Louis Backman (George Allen & Unwin, 35*s.*).

IN the dim distant days when DANCE AND DANCERS made what has been generously described as "its blinding advent", the Editor wrote in the first editorial, "Ballet is not such a large segment of that seductive apple, dance, as many people are apt to think." It is not indeed, but unfortunately there are many who, like Eve, need to take only one bite from the apple. If you are one of these, if your interest is just in ballet and glossy photographs of your favourite dancer, leave this book on *Religious Dances* by Professor Backman unopened on someone else's shelves.

If, on the other hand, you are interested in dancing in all its aspects, its history and development, in its anthopological and psychological roots, Professor Backman's magnum opus will fascinate you.

The author ranges from religious dancing in its pagan and Christian forms to such subjects as dance epidemics, in which choreo-maniacs (a possible alternative to the overworked word "balletomane"?) were forced to dance, sometimes being compelled by the Wili-like propensities of ergot-poisoning. The book is full of learned observations about such things as "The Dance of Death," early dance therapy, magic and legends. There is a chapter on "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" in which the author suggests that the children may have been affected by an epidemic of St. Vitus' dance—a theory that sets one wondering if any academic research went into Jerome Robbins' recent ballet about a subfusc clarinet player.

To all readers interested in antiquarian research, demonology, church history, superstition, erudite theorising and dancing in its more general sense, this exceptionally well-illustrated book is recommended. It is a notable contribution to dance history. **Clive Barnes**

Antonio, Impressions of the Spanish Dancer, by Cyril Beaumont (A. & C. Black, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

NOBODY in this century has done more to record the contemporary dance, and dance history, than Cyril Beaumont. It is sad, therefore, to have to say that this new volume is not up to his usual form. The dances of Rosario and Antonio which were seen in London, have been described in minute detail from a seat in the stalls but they fail to give the reader any real feeling of the excitement of watching this remarkable pair and it is doubtful whether those who have never seen them would get much idea of what it was all about.

The long descriptions of the garments worn for each number are far more graphically shown in the accompanying photographs, many of which are excellent. Surely if these impressions are to be of use to posterity, some explanation of the meaning of each dance is essential. The reader might well ask the meaning of words such as *Jarana Yucateca, Bulerias*, or *Alegrias;* where do these dances come from, what is their history, are they traditional or have they been adapted for the theatre? These are the sort of facts which Mr. Beaumont is usually so good at elucidating. The dances from Spain are such a specialised subject and there is such a need of an authoritative volume throwing some light on them that it is a pity this opportunity has been wasted. By the way, the *Zapateado* which Mr. Beaumont has attributed to Paganini is actually by Sarasate.

Opera, Ballet, Music-Hall (a magazine published under the auspices of Unesco, 6*s.* 6*d.*).

WHAT a relief to find that the days of lavish magazines have not passed. This is beautifully produced and illustrated. The first number has articles by Eric Walter White (on New British ballets), Serge Lifar (on his two latest creations), and Walter Terry (on ballet in the United States), together with interviews with Fonteyn, Kaye, Toumanova and Vyroubova. It is for the illustrations that most people will want this review and they certainly will be getting their money's worth.

Doktor Faust, a Dance Poem, by Heinrich Heine. Translated into English by Basil Ashmore with an introduction by J. C. Trewin (Peter Nevill, 10*s.* 6*d.*).

IN the feverish search for ballet subjects particularly for full-length works it seems amazing that nobody has stumbled on the idea which Heine sent to Mr. Lumley (director of Her Majesty's Theatre) a hundred years ago. It would seem that the popularity of the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, was so great in England that all new productions were postponed indefinitely. The world has never seen therefore, a work which might well have taken its place beside *Giselle*.

As it stands it is too long but it could be condensed without much harm being done. Here is the stuff from which ballets should be made as it has everything—places for wonderful dancing, for interesting passages of mime and lavish spectacle. Would that Frederick Ashton who has already mounted two works on the Faust subject could be persuaded to make this his next full-length work after *Sylvia*. Apart from this, the book makes fascinating reading. **Peter Williams**

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

WHAT can virtually be called the "Delibes" season of ballet starts on September 3. Apart from four performances, the programmes consist entirely of *Sylvia* and *Coppelia*. The first full-length *Sylvia* ever to be seen, has been reconstructed by Frederick Ashton. The costumes and scenery have been designed by Robin and Christopher Ironside. Fonteyn will dance the title role on the opening night with Michael Somes as Amyntas, John Hart as Orion and Alexander Grant as Eros. The next cast for the same roles will be Elvin, Rassine, Hart, and Vernon. Third cast; Grey, Chatfield, Field and Melville.

Ashton's *Don Juan* (Richard Strauss music, Edward Burra decor) returns to the repertoire on September 13 with Elvin in the principal role.

The final night of the season, September 27, will see Beriosova dancing Swanilda in *Coppelia* for the first time with the company. After that the company go to Berlin and later on a short provincial tour. The next season at Covent Garden opens in the middle of November. A new and revised *Swan Lake* will go on for Christmas. Before that, Cranko is to mount a new ballet to Bela Bartok music. In the new year Howard is also creating a new ballet probably of a divertissement nature. Guest artists during the late winter season will be Alicia Markova and Moira Shearer. Markova will certainly dance *Giselle*, probably *Les Sylphides* but at the moment it is not certain what other ballets she will appear in. The announcement that Shearer is to appear as a guest artist has given rise to speculation as to whether she is going to return to the company as a permanent ballerina. It seems probable that she will continue to make films with only occasional guest appearances at Covent Garden.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

JOHN CRANKO'S ballet, *Reflection*, which had its first performance at the Edinburgh Festival, will be seen in London on September 4. On Friday September 17, *Ile des Sirenes* has its first London performance. This work was originally created by Alfred Rodrigues for Fonteyn when she and Helpmann made a provincial concert tour in 1950. The music is by Debussy and the setting and costumes by Loudon Sainthill. The autumn season ends at Sadler's Wells Theatre on October 18 and the company will go on a provincial tour lasting until December 7. Their winter season will probably see new works by Margaret Dale and Alfred Rodrigues.

CRANKO BALLETS AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES

THE season of ballet at the Kenton Theatre, Henley-on-Thames, from July 21 to August 2, consisted entirely of works by John Cranko. It turned out to be one of the most pleasant of all the ballet entertainments which the summer has had to offer. Not only was the little theatre, re-decorated by John Piper, charming to look at, but the intervals spent amongst the old houses of New Street gave the occasion of a feeling of near *fête champêtre*.

The six dancers—Sonya Hana, Margaret Scott, Yvonne Cartier, Kenneth Macmillan, Geoffrey Webb and Peter Wright—had been hand-picked and for each of them Cranko created roles which suited their particular talents. It seems a pity that the company cannot be kept together so as to take this lively programme around the country to places which have not yet had a chance to see ballet. Even those unacquainted with the art could hardly be anything other than delighted by such an evening.

The programme opened with *Tritsch-Tratsch* for Cartier, Macmillan and Webb. One would have thought it an ideal work for a small stage but oddly enough it appeared to be rather cramped. Cartier lacked the piquancy which Fifield originally brought to the role of the girl let down (with a bump) by two sailors.

Pasa Doble, to some Spanish traditional music well arranged by John Lanchbery, was a too subtle burlesque of the Iberian dances with which we are now all too familiar. A London audience would have caught-on quickly but a provincial audience seemed to think it should take the whole thing seriously. Peter Wright and Sonya Hana ought to temper their interpretation to the kind of audience they know they are going to get. A little more broadness would help considerably.

L'Apres Midi d'Emily Wigginbotham was really a revue sketch about a suburban lady who let lose in a museum finds herself acting Greek under the influence of a classical mask. Margaret Scott revealed a nice sense of humour and John Lanchbery's score seemed most apt. Osbert Lancaster's simple setting was decorative and right.

I liked the new decor by John Piper for *Beauty and the Beast*, his garden was more rose-infested than the Kaye setting at Sadler's Wells; it was also more magical. It was well danced by Peter Wright and Yvonne Cartier though they did appear a trifle cramped especially in the lifts; nor can anything efface the Beauty of Patricia Miller, its original creator. Nevertheless, it was surprising how effective it still remained even on this small scale.

ROMANTIC GOTHICK

The second half opened with the *pas de trois* from the first scene of *Pineapple Poll*. It was notable for the Mrs. Dimple of Sonya Hana otherwise it was not entirely successful. Macmillan is not a crisp enough dancer to make a good Captain Belaye. He has many qualities, revealed later in the programme, but they are not right for this role.

Umbrellas was another type of revue number about people caught in a shower of rain. It was given with gusto by Yvonne Cartier and Geoffrey Webb. The blue and grey backcloth of oversized flowers blown in the breeze, designed by Sydney King, made a pretty background for the black umbrellas.

The Forgotten Room was a Strawberry Hill Gothick library to which two young girls come in search of either a book or just out of curiosity. The older of the two (Margaret Scott) becomes so fascinated by what she reads that she sends her younger sister (Sonya Hana) away so that she can be alone with the fictitious romantic hero. The man materialises and, with his two spectral attendants, takes her away. The young girl returns to find her sister dead in the chair.

The theme would seem to bear certain similarity to De Valois' *Haunted Ballroom* but there any further resemblance ends. It is a fine study in romanticism to Schubert music and could be transferred to a large stage with advantage. It gave Margaret Scott an ideal role and she was well supported by Peter Wright who is one of the most romantic looking of our younger dancers. Such a subject was naturally right up Osbert Lancaster's street and one would like to see his black, white and red library designed for a bigger theatre.

DANCING, DANCING

Gaiety in ballet is elusive; what starts out by being a frothy *souffle* frequently ends by being heavy dough. I cannot remember a work more wholly successful in maintaining the froth than *Dancing* which took up the entire last part of the programme. The curtain goes up on a most ingenious setting by John Piper. From the backyard of the theatre he collected an odd assortment of objects—an old piano keyboard, a Venetian blind, a pillar, dominating it all an archaic gramophone with an outsize trumpet. By careful arrangement of light and a few splashes of colour it becomes almost the perfect ballet decor.

The curtain goes up to Kenneth Macmillan alone on the stage. He wanders around lethargically whistling a tune. Going over to the gramophone he casually puts on a record (the music is by George Shearing) and starts to dance. When he has finished he puts on another record which is actually a plate. A girl in yellow (Sonya Hana) comes in and does a variation. With various other records the rest of the company appear and dance *soli*, *pas de deux* and *pas de trois*. Eventually they all disappear by rolling off the stage and Macmillan is again left alone. He wanders around whistling and the curtain falls.

Impossible to convey in words the real genius of this ballet. It seems to have more invention than almost all the light American works rolled into one. It is a delightful crazy mixture of classic and modern steps all dominated by Macmillan who manages some remarkable things. Let us hope this work will reach a wider public for it is probably the best light ballet yet to emerge from England.

P. W.

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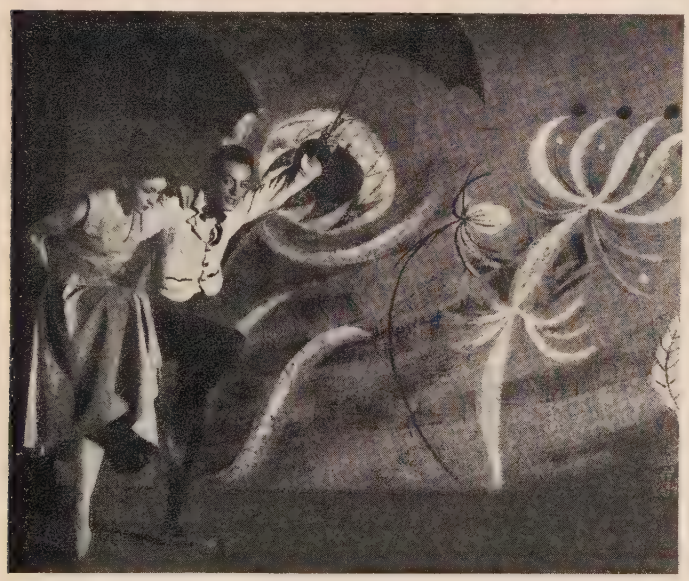
FESTIVAL Ballet did an amazing job in transforming the Royal Festival Hall into a theatre. The great advantage over most theatres is that it is possible to get a good view of the stage from almost any part of the house. The disadvantage being that it is impossible to fly any scenery; therefore a permanent cyclorama has to replace all backcloths. The projection of scenery on to this cyclorama was not entirely successful. Nor had the pounding of the dancers on the stage been completely obliterated (this was remedied shortly after the first night by covering the stage with linoleum. The result made one of the quietest stages in London). In spite of these things, the company—and in particular Benn Toff—are to be congratulated on having achieved a remarkable theatrical machinery feat.

(*continued on page* 23



Yvonne Cartier and Geoffrey Webb in John Cranko's Umbrellas. *This was created specially for the Henley season. Photo: Paul Wilson*

Kenneth Macmillan and Sonya Hana in Dancing. *To George Shearing music, Cranko made one of the best light ballets in the English repertoire. This was also first given at Henley. Photo: Alec Murray*

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(continued from page 21)

Act I of *Swan Lake* which opened the programme on July 31, seemed rather sluggish. It wambled on at a snail's pace until the *pas de quatre* which was very well danced by Anita Landa, Noel Rossana, Paula Gareya and Shelagh Franklyn. As Odette, Nathalie Leslie seemed rather nervous and everything she did appeared in slow-motion. Altogether a not very auspicious opening to the season. This particular ballet is anyway unsuitable as an opening work.

With Ashton's *Vision of Marguerite* the pace started to quicken. There have been better performances of this ballet but nothing can obscure the fact that it is a most distinguished work and ideal for Wright, Gilpin and Briansky. It also looked good in its present surroundings and would seem to be fine in almost any environment.

With the two *pas de deux* from *Don Quixote* and *Black Swan*, the performance regained all the verve and attack we have come to expect from these dancers. Arova and Briansky were dashing and exciting in the former. He has always been good but Arova has gained new stature. Both of them are apt to flash their teeth at the audience too much but this may have been partly due to first night nerves.

Leslie's black swan is far far better than her white and achieves moments of brilliance but she should avoid "dainty" hands which would be suitable for Bournonville but are completely wrong for Petipa. She was well partnered by Gilpin who also gave a fine variation.

The addition of the choir to the Polovtsian dances from *Prince Igor* makes all the difference to the ballet as a spectacle and I am inclined to think that they should never be given in any other way. The only thing that sounds absurd is the English translation. To suddenly hear familiar words rather takes away the any feeling of barbaric wildness. The company give the most spirited performance of these dances to be seen in England since the war. Trunoff makes a splendid Chief and Anita Landa improves with each performance as the Polovtsian Girl.

As soon as the company get used to their unusual surroundings they should have discovered the ideal way of presenting good ballet to a large audience.

SINGING SNOWFLAKES IN NUTCRACKER

ON August 5, the full-length *Nutcracker* made its appearance. Never at any time a good ballet, it is not helped here by various people taking the principal roles. If it is given merely as a way of displaying the company's principal dancers then there seems little point in keeping the children's party prologue. Though this scene has certain old-world charm and is rather pleasant at Christmas, there is nothing much to interest the ballet-goer except for the dance of two mechanical dolls, excellently given by Anita Landa and Keith Beckett.

Violetta Elvin as she appears in the film, Twice upon a Time. *In this her first film she has a speaking role as well as several dance sequences* *Photo: Derch Allen*

The Kingdom of Snow had the added attraction of Singing Snowflakes, which, though in Tchaikovsky's original score, merely produces an effect more comic than anything else and causes the spectator to immediately think of a Hollywood musical. Dolin was a noble Nutcracker Prince but Belinda Wright was a disappointment as the Snow Queen, she lacked authority. The Dancing Snowflakes were really drifting in a most undisciplined manner which may have been partly due to the choreography.

In the Kingdom of Sweets the Nutcracker Prince turns from Dolin to Gilpin, and Sugar Plum Fairy changed into Leslie. All very bewildering if the story, such as it is, means anything at all. Nevertheless, Leslie danced a lovely variation and Trunoff brought down the house with his Gopak.

Of all Viennese ballet romps, Massine's *Beau Danube* remains by far the best. It went over well in Festival Hall. Gilpin dances the Hussar with terrific verve though it is still hard to associate anyone so young with a "past". Leslie is undoubtedly the best Street Dancer after Danilova and Landa is just right as the Fiancee.

Peter Williams

TELEVISION

DURING July, two ballets were performed on Television incorporating non-classical technique. The first was a Spanish ballet arranged by Angelo Andes to Falla's *El Amor Brujo*. The slim story and the passionate, coursing music call for a great deal of movement and invention, which, unfortunately, Mr. Andes' choreography did not provide. All too often at the climaxes of the music, nothing more than a few wriggles of the hip and a lot of arm waving were supposed to carry the mood and story.

The other ballet, *Maladie d'Amour* was devised and danced by the exhibition ballroom dancers Boyer and Ravel. It was a slight and simple affair which served to show the admirable dancing of the choreographers. Set to a piquant score written by Leonard Salzedo, it told of the inability of doctors to mend a broken heart which was only repaired by the attentions of the beloved. The high spot of the performance came in a lovely *pas de deux* employing ballroom technique which was inventive and poetic enough to hold its own with many a classical *pas de deux*. Both these dancers performed with elegance and grace, Mme. Ravel showing a charming personality, and M. Boyer partnering with elan and dexterity. A corps of ballet dancers supported them efficiently.

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Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

GERMANY

AT the Edinburgh Festival this year, Britain will make the acquaintance of the Opera Company of the Hamburg State Theatre. It may be of interest to note that during the last season a ballet company has also emerged there, directed by Swedish Helga Swedlund, wife of Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, conductor of the North-West German Radio Symphony Orchestra.

Previously, the ballet mistress had been Dore Hoyer, a dancer in the manner of Mary Wigman. She was a singularly unsuitable choice, since her powers of invention were limited. Indeed they were insufficient for a two-hour recital on the occasion I saw her. In this the expression of sorrow or happiness alternated with her imitating or being possessed by machines. Her only work for the "dance group" was *Zigeuner* to a Divertimento of Bartok —a gypsy encampment affair with plenty of flying hair and bare feet, but little else. Thus Swedlund's decision to return to classicism came as a welcome change. "What is this perpetual cry for something new?" she asked—"a Nissen-hut on the stage would do no one any good, but put Hamlet there. . . ."

This she proceeded to do, following the synopsis of Tatjana Gsovsky, to music by Boris Blacher, also used by Victor Gsovsky in his ballet created in Munich for Irène Skorik. Swedlund's version dispenses with Osric and the Grave Digger, while the Ghost becomes a mere cinematic projection. Possibly to compensate for the omission of Hamlet's dance with the skull, Ophelia is given a most effective drowning scene, where, in silhouette against a misty cyclorama, she clutches the bough of a weeping willow which slowly bends and lowers her from sight.

In Hamburg, Ophelia is danced by Natascha Trofimova, former pupil of Eugenie Eduardowa and ballerina of the Berlin State Opera, a strong technician who made her name in Werner Egk's *Abraxas*. Hamlet is portrayed by Klaus Zimmermann, a young dancer of considerable ability but somewhat lacking in personality. Gisela Deege and Frank Hoopmann (also from the *Abraxas* company) dance Gertrude and Laertes, and Bico von Larszky, Claudius. I should have preferred to have seen the roles of Ophelia and Gertrude reversed, since Deege is much the more lyrical dancer and a natural blonde (disguised here as the queen, in an auburn wig), whereas Trofimova is brilliant and dark (also disguised here as a blonde Gretchen type).

Choreographically, the players (Irene Strebe, Peter Ahrenkiel and Kostas Savvides) are best provided for, possibly because they are given the best music, and their duplication on a different level of the exact movements of the King and Queen is most effective. Alfred Siercke's autumnal costumes and settings are impressively simple and the whole work represents a considerable achievement.

THE STICKY HAND OF DEATH

Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the *Rondo from the Golden Calf*, to music by Gottfried von Einem, again after Tatjana Gsovsky. Jooss long ago had the last word on the theme of the triumph of Death and this melee, containing everything from the spirit of Dore Hoyer to the kitchen stove, seems highly unnecessary. Poor workers, rich gamblers, a pair of lovers, a despot and a naughty lady in red and black, all in turn meet a sticky end at the hands of Death and his attendant Evil Spirit. This last role is danced by Eva Bajoratis who, as Eva Bajor, has just made a film, "Captive Soul", in which the dancing scenes are doubled for her by Irene Skorik!

Swedlund's final offering (which should really have changed places with *Hamlet* and been given first) Werner Egk's *French Suite*, is quite delightful. "Le rappel des oiseaux" is a feathery opening with a staccato *pas de deux* for Jutta Giesecke and Klaus Zimmermann in costumes reminiscent of those worn by Fonteyn and Somes in Ashton's *pas de deux Spirits of the Air*. "Gigue", a lively *pas de trois* for Bico von Larszky, Eva Bajoratis and Charlotte Lienow, is followed by "Les tendres plaintes", a flowing *pas de deux* for Gisela Deege and Frank Hoopmann dressed in simple tunics of apple-green and brown. A flashy "Venetienne" for Trofimova leads to the finale for the *corps de ballet*, "Les Tourbillons", to music that is positively effervescent—Egk deserves far wider recognition, as a composer not only of ballet but of opera.

Next season, productions of *Petrouchka* and *Cinderella* are planned, and it is rumoured that Elsa Marianne von Rosen is to appear as guest artist, should Trofimova replace Skorik, in the event of the latter leaving Munich along with Gsovsky.

J. Stuart Barker

AUSTRALIA

ON the 16 June following their successful Opera Season at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, the New South Wales National Opera Company presented the Kousnetzova Ballet Company for one week only. This company is really a student company without full-time professional status. It is also the first time that Madame Kousnetzova has presented her Company on a full sized stage as she has previously only given performances at the Conservatorium. Four ballets were presented—*L'Epreuve d'Amour*, *Danube au Printemps*, *Peter and the Wolf* and *Prince Igor*.

During the last fortnight we have been fortunate enough here in Sydney to have had the pleasure of seeing Walter Gore and Paula Hinton as guest artists with the National Ballet Company when they commenced their third Sydney Season at the Tivoli on the 23 June.

The first ballet presented was *Pas de Quatre*, reproduced by Henry Danton, choreography by Anton Dolin after Perrot. Marie Taglioni was danced by Lynne Golding, the Australian "pocket ballerina" (I believe she is only 5 ft. tall), Carlotta Grisi by Maureen Davis, and Lucille Grahn by Marita Lowdon. Of the four ballerinas I preferred Marie Cumisky whose interpretation of Fanny Cerito was delightful and seemed more in keeping with this period piece.

Walter Gore's sensuous ballet *Antonia*, the outstanding event of the night, followed. It is not necessary for me to describe the ballet as it will be remembered from the Ballet Rambert's production at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Paula Hinton's dancing as the faithless wanton was magnificent and Gore was equally good as her lover; Ron Reay was Sebastian.

The third ballet was *Theme and Variations*, a plotless ballet with choreography, scenery and costumes by Walter Gore to music by Tchaikovsky. Here, once again, Paula Hinton was outstanding and her effortless technique and quite surprising ballon was given full scope in her solo variation.

Walter Gore is to be congratulated on his production of these two last ballets as I think this is the National Ballet Company's first venture into modern ballet. The *corps de ballet* have been extremely well drilled and danced well throughout the evening.

HINTON'S MOVING *GISELLE*

The second week was notable for the company's presentation of *Giselle*, produced by Walter Gore with decor and costumes by Kenneth Rowell. The costumes were excellent, especially the slightly greenish tinted dresses of the Wilis in Act II, but the harsh browns of the decor of Act I resembled the outback more than a Rhineland village. The first night of this ballet, however, was not very successful as it was marred by some rather bad "faults". The music was played atrociously, the brass being horribly blaring and distracting. Harsh, unbecoming yellow spotlighting spoilt Marita Lowdon's grim Queen of the Wilis giving her a resemblance to a Chinese goddess; nor did spotlighting improve the mad scene which is dramatic enough itself. Fortunately these early mistakes were remedied and on the last night we saw a particularly fine performance by the whole Company.

Paula Hinton's performance was very moving, especially in the mad scene, and her technique throughout was impeccable. Her exceptional lightness made her ideally suited to the role of the Wili and she gave the impression of floating across the stage at times. Her dancing in this Act was beautiful.

As Albrecht Walter Gore gave an excellent performance, his miming making it quite apparent that he was entirely to blame for Giselle's madness and subsequent suicide. Hilarion was played by Leon Kellaway, but he failed to make any impression in this rather thankless role.

After the final curtain calls Leon Kellaway made a presentation of a travelling clock to Walter Gore and a glorious bouquet to Paula Hinton who were returning to England. They, in turn, presented a huge bouquet of flowers to the Company and said that they hoped to return to Australia again soon. We hope so too as it was a great pleasure to watch two superb artists.

Doreen Todd

NEW YORK

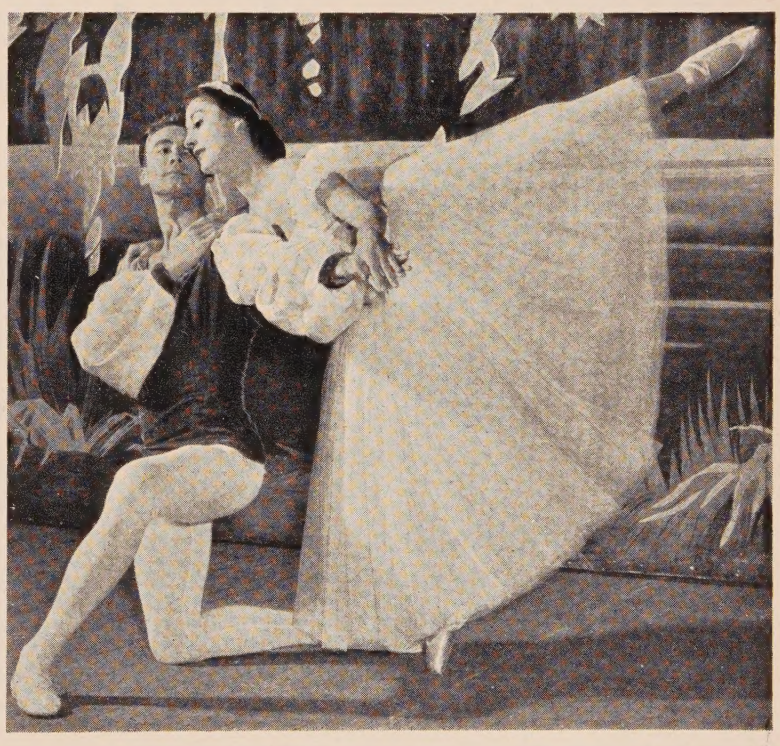
THE summer "dry spell" has set in. The New York Dance Film Society came to the rescue. With a series of Friday evening programmes it provided a chance to "taper off" after a season of almost ceaseless activity. Almost every available 16mm. dance film was shown. It was the best thing of its kind yet organized. D. D. Livingstone was in charge. He not only came up with some apt commentary but a most interesting colour-film taken when Uday Shankar danced here last winter. The Society is doing yeoman's service in attempting to gather every available scrap of dance film. The chief criticism was, loudly voiced by the audience, against the most despicable of film practices—turning the camera away from the dancers towards some off-stage undesirables.

On July 19 Mia Slavenska's enlarged Ballet Variante appeared at Lewisohn Stadium. There some escape from the oppressive heat could be found. Frederic Franklin has joined the company. Alexandra Danilova and Nicolas Orloff are guest stars for the summer. The company is touring the local "summer circuit", Slavenska, Franklin, Danilova, have long been absent from the local scene so were especially welcome.

Considering that the *corps* was mainly gathered about a month ago they met the rigours of *Nutcracker* with precision. The *divertissements* suffered in comparison to those presented by The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. The Russian dance turned into a *pas de seul*. It was beautifully executed by Orloff. The *Adagio* with Danilova and Franklin received the acclaim it deserved. The heat could not impair Danilova's pure line, spirit, indeed her performance. Franklin was in fine form. A gallant and enthusiastic partner to both Danilova and Slavenska, later in the *Grand Pas de Deux*. Slavenska looked lovely and danced well. We found her arm movements rather affected.

The waltz from *Gaiete Parisienne* with Danilova and Franklin was as ever and always a pleasure and delight. The programme closed with the local *premiere* of *Settlers' Sunday*. Choreographed by Miss Slavenska to traditional American folk tunes orchestrated by Harold Byrne. Much was reminiscent of *Rodeo*. It lacked plot but was not merely an excuse for dancing either. A sheriff mimed something silly—"I have a hanging at 5 o'clock" was what we made of it. It wasn't suitable for Slavenska. A rather unfortunate choice with which to close the evening.

Trude Michel



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Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Sept.
3 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
4 *Sylvia* (Elvin, Rassine)
5 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
6 (M) *Sylvia* (Elvin, Rassine)
6 (E) *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
8 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
9 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
10 *Sylvia* (Elvin, Rassine)
11 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
12 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
13 (M) *Mam'zelle Angot, Don Juan, Bonne-Bouche.*
13 (E) *Mam'zelle Angot, Don Juan, Bonne-Bouche.*
15 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
16 *Sylvia* (Elvin, Rassine)
17 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
18 *Mam'zelle Angot, Don Juan, Bonne-Bouche.*
19 *Mam'zelle Angot, Don Juan, Bonne-Bouche*
20 (M) *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
20 (E) *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
22 *Sylvia* (Elvin, Rassine)
23 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield)
24 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
25 *Coppelia* (Nerina, Grant)
26 *Coppelia* (Dale, Vernon)
27 (M) *Coppelia* (Nerina, Grant)
27 (E) *Coppelia* (Beriosova, Hart)
End of season.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

August
29 *Sylphides, Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll*
30 (M) *Coppelia* (Lane, Trecu, Holden)
Sept.
1 *Sylphides, Rake's Progress, Pas de trois* (*Swan Lake*), *Les Rendezvous*
4 *Fete Etrange, Reflection* (London Premiere), *Rakes Progress*
6 (M) *Fete Etrange, Reflection, Pineapple Poll*
8 *Coppelia* (Fifield, Blair, Poole)
13 (M) *Lac de Cygnes* Act II, *Reflection, Tritsch-Tratsch, Jota Toledana, Les Rendezvous*
19 *Lac des Cygnes* Act II, *Tritsch-Tratsch, Jota Toledana, Ile des Sirenes* (London premiere), *Reflection*
20 (M) *Sylphides, Pas de Trois* (*Swan Lake*), *Ile de Sirenes, Pineapple Poll*

Ballet will also be on the following days: September 24, 26, 27 (M), 29, October 4, 11 (M), 13, 18.

BALLET RAMBERT

Sept.
1 Civic Theatre, Chesterfield
8 Guildhall, St. Ives
29 Hippodrome, Margate
October
13 Theatre Royal, Exeter
20 Opera House, Leicester
27 Arts Theatre, Cambridge
Nov.
17 Dolphin Theatre, Brighton
24 Playhouse, Kidderminster

FESTIVAL BALLET AT FESTIVAL HALL

August
27-28 *Giselle, Le Beau Danube*
29-30 *The Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
Sept.
1-4 *Symphony for Fun* (World premiere) *Les Sylphides, Petrouchka*
5-6 *Scheherazade, Vision of Marguerite, Don Quixote, Beau Danube*
(Matinees, Wed. and Sat.)

GRAND BALLET DE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

Empire Theatre, Edinburgh
1-3 *Concerto Barocco, Scaramouche Pas de Trois, Prisoner in the Caucasus*
4-6 *Night Shadow, Inez de Castro Tarasiana, Del Amor y de la Muerte*
(Matinees, Wed. and Sat.)

Theatre Royal, Birmingham
8-11 (M) *Concerto Barocco, Scaramouche, Pas de Trois, Prisoner in the Caucasus*
11-13 *Night Shadow, Inez de Castro, Tarasiana, Del Amor y de la Muerte*

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INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Sept.
15 Odeon, Southend-on-Sea
22 Alhambra, Bradford
29 Alhambra, Glasgow
Oct.
6 & 13 Opera House, Manchester
20 Globe, Stockton-on-Tees
27 Theatre Royal, Newcastle
Nov.
3 Pavilion, Bournemouth
10 Hippodrome, Bristol
17 Theatre Royal, Hanley

When to see them

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MARGOT FONTEYN
Sylvia. September 3, 6 (E), 9, 12, 17, 20, 24

VIOLETTA ELVIN
Sylvia. September 4, 6 (M), 10, 16, 22
Don Juan. September 13 (M and E), 18, 19

BERYL GREY
Sylvia. September 5, 8, 11, 15, 20 (E), 23

MICHAEL SOMES
Sylvia (same as Fonteyn)

ALEXIS RASSINE
Sylvia (same as Elvin)

PHILIP CHATFIELD
Sylvia (same as Grey)

ALEXANDER GRANT
Sylvia. September 3, 4, 5, 6 (E), 9, 12, 17, 20 (M), 24
Coppelia, September 27
Mam'zelle Angot and *Bonne-Bouche,* September 13 (M and E), 18, 19

BRIAN SHAW
Bonne-Bouche, September 13 (M and E), 18, 19

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YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ
Giselle, August 27, 28 (E)
The Nutcracker, August 30

NATHALIE LESLIE
Giselle, August 28 (M)
The Nutcracker, August 29, 30
Le Beau Danube, August 27, 28 (E). September 5, 6

ANTON DOLIN
Giselle (same as Chauviré)
Bolero, August 29, 30 (M and E)
Petrouchka, September 1, 3, 4 (E)

JOHN GILPIN
Le Beau Danube, August 27, 28
Symphony for Fun, September 1, 2, 3, 4
Vision of Marguerite, September 5, 6 (M and E)

AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

ELAINE FIFIELD
Reflection, September 4, 6 (M), 13, 19
Coppelia, September 8, 16

DAVID BLAIR
Rake's Progress, August 29. September 1, 4
Coppelia, September 8
Pineapple Poll, September 6 (M), 20 (M)

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; ls.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

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